

OVR CONTINENT

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A FALL NEAR ATOUKÉ.

DOWN THE GUAYABERO.

IN August, 1880, two scientific men of the French navy, Dr. Crevaux, a member of the Legion of Honor, and M. Lejannes, sailed from St. Nazaire for a tour of exploration in South America, which they have recorded in a charming diary. Reaching the mouth of the Rio Magdalena in Colombia, they ascended the river to Honda, pausing en route, near the mouth of the Nare, to change vessels and to sketch the Bodega, which is the solitary port of that river.

Honda they found one of the most ancient cities of Colombia, built on a hill protected by the Magdalena, flowing in swift rapids before the city, and by two torrents that pour beside it in parallel lines into the Magdalena; a city almost girt by rushing floods, from which resounds perpetually the savage roar of their headlong course. To the southwest, mountains with steep, bare sides of sandstone stand like ramparts, with their walls

of stone, and crowns of earth and shrubbery. Other mountains make almost a girdle around the hill on which the city stands, seeming to rest in the base of a funnel, the reason perhaps for the name it bears—Honda, "a deep place." The architecture of the houses bears even here a Spanish stamp.

Above Honda the islands and alluvial shores of the Magdalena are covered by plantations of bananas, which enter largely into the food of the inhabitants. Ripe bananas are eaten fried, green they make caucacho; they are also an article of commerce by no means unimportant, and banana trunks serve for making rafts. Near Purification, the explorers saw one of these rafts bearing a family with a young baby. A donkey tied to a pole was standing in the stern watching with meditative air the yellow water flowing at his feet, giving no sign of surprise at a method of travel unwonted among

his kindred, the whole suggesting a flight into Egypt unknown to the traditions of art.

Bamboo clumps stand successors to the primeval forest on the river banks, and the poor remnants of forest which partly cover the neighboring mountain sides are daily attacked by fire. The natives seem to have sworn to burn them to the utmost tree to get plowland. At night the scene is imposing, the sky glowing red from countless fires. Fortunately the Andes are immense and their rich forests are scarcely hurt. Farther yet, above Honda, prickly pears large as our apple-trees, with woody trunks a foot through, make a bizarre forest the thorniest that can be imagined, and other cactus plants bearing great rose-colored flowers swarm over the ground.

From Neiva the travelers started for the Guayabero, which no man had yet explored near its source, hoping to make the descent in safety and to give to the river the name of their friend and patron, the Count de Lesseps. To reach it a spur of the Andes had to be crossed, and in October they began the journey, climbing their first mountain by an incredible footpath, while everywhere about them yawned gorges and crevasses.

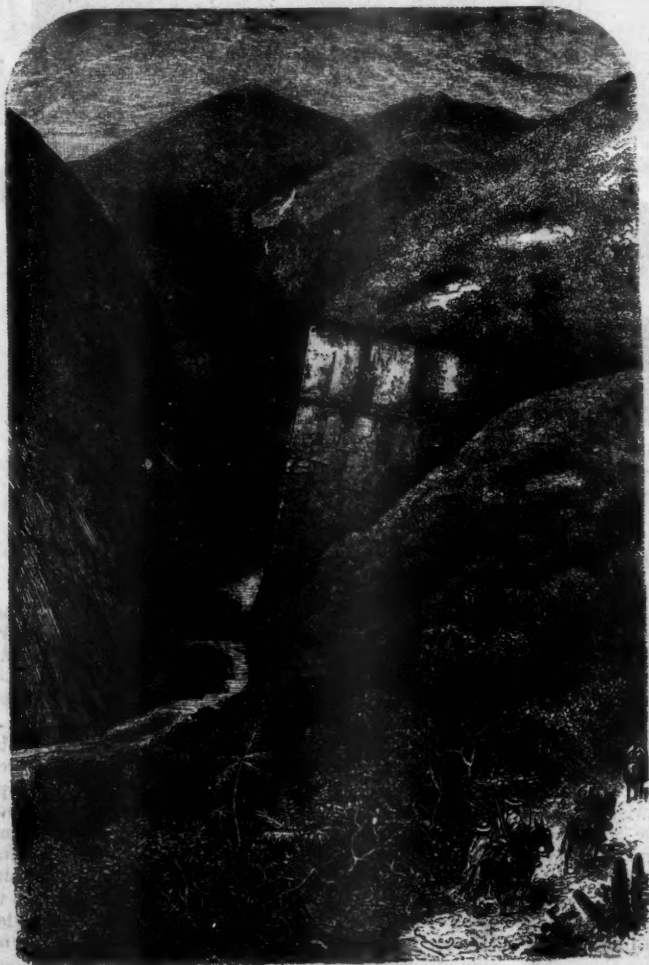
An attempt had been made to construct a road over great spaces, which had, however, given way. At noon one day they reached the summit of the Cordilleras; and from thence every stream flowed toward the Orinoco. At the east, wooded ranges sloped downward out of sight; to the left, loftier heights were hidden from view by clouds like great fleeces of whitest wool, which to the native guide became a city that no man had ever visited, "the enchanting city of the Holy Spirit."

The river was reached in safety, but after their raft was built they were deserted by all the natives except the faithful Apatou. The most extravagant offers of recompense did not tempt them to brave the terrors of the "unknown." And their fears seem justified by the event, for scarcely were the explorers embarked upon the mountain torrent, when their raft was torn asunder in the first of the numerous and dangerous rapids through which they were whirled at lightning speed. Clothing and baggage had then to be dried, and the strong withes that bound together the logs of their frail transport were replaced. Their voyage in the upper part of the river was a succession of perilous descents of rapids, and

of hazardous escapes. Stinging insects, more venomous than the mosquito, often robbed their nights of sleep, and as the current became less continuously violent the great caymans made their appearance basking on the rocks.

No South American journey is complete without an adventure with these reptiles, and the scientists met theirs promptly. A piercing shriek from Apatou froze their blood, and their hair rose as they saw him disappear under the water. For an instant there was breathless silence, then a hand appeared clenched on a line that dragged from the end of the raft. This was seized and hauled in with main force, Apatou's face appearing an instant, expressing extreme agony. His faint voice could utter only "Caiman! Caiman!" (alligator.) Instantly he was seized by the shoulder, but the alligator held him still. Lejannes, armed, waited an instant before firing at the creature, but just as Apatou was free, and the monster in the act of snapping the doctor's hat that had fallen into the water, a ball entered at last. Happily the poor fellow's leg was seized only by the alligator's front teeth, and at its least fleshy part; a little firmer grasp and no human force could have freed him, and at best he would have been crippled many weeks.

No further excitements arose until the voyagers found themselves in a gorge hemmed in at each side by sandstone walls. Submerged rocks project in places from the bank and force back the water boiling and seething in eddies that roar like so many caged beasts. From time to time the raft struck the crest of



THE CORNICE ROAD OF THE ANDES.



THE PORT OF THE WARE.

a submerged block and was hurled back many feet. Once they were dragged toward a projecting rock. Everything on the raft must be swept off or crushed under the roof of stone, and the voyagers were on the verge of being swallowed by the horrible-whirling flood, when Apatou, admirable in his coolness, bracing his pole against the rock above his head, by a superhuman effort swung the raft far away.

After this the Guayabero proves one long scene of monotony. There is always the same regular curve; always

the same herons, swans and ibis dwell on the banks, the latter pacing the sand with measured tread, bearing themselves like Spanish monks and grave signors clad in black with whitest waistcoats. Legions of gulls live on the edge of the shore in the neighborhood of huge alligators that sleep or turn their threatening heads slowly through the air always toward the water, their piercing, somewhat nasal voices making a savage concert. Once a hole was discovered with forty alligator eggs, and the voyagers took delight in destroying them.

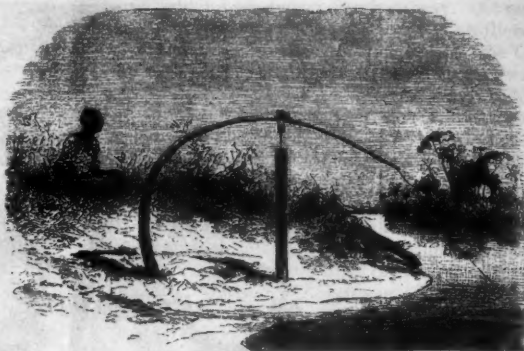


IN THE RAPIDS.

while the horrible mother looked on unmoved at the destruction of her future family. A heavy-raised edge to the raft having been firmly built after Apatou's narrow escape, there was no more trouble from the reptiles, and the explorers used long days in noting the results of observations of the formation and the flora of the banks.

Contrary to the popular idea, the food accessible was extremely limited, and the travelers lived upon cassara and boiled rice until the sight of a gray monkey shot for dinner was a treat. The remaining resources for fresh meat were fishing and an occasional shot at a drove of peccaries. Fishing was possible, according to Apatou's method, only on land. A long rod was firmly fixed in the earth and bent over toward the water, bound slightly on the way to a shorter firm pole. From the free end of the rod a piece of string and hook fell into the water. A bite pulled string and rod, loosed the slight fastening from the short pole, and rod, line, hook and fish forthwith swung upright in the air.

At length, near the bounds of civilization, Atouré, an Indian village on the Orinoco, of which the Guayabero is a tributary, furnished archaeological treasures in the shape of pottery, burial vessels of the natives stored in great numbers in grottoes hard to reach. The living representatives of the race are interesting also. They are civilized in a measure, but are dying out, a fact in view of which one cannot but wonder at the chief's willingness to surrender the ashes of ancestors to whom he must expect soon to be gathered. In the evening the



PRIMITIVE FISHING.

Indians danced, having for an orchestra a mandolin, a strap with protuberances holding loose stones to be shaken rhythmically, and an urchin who sang and whistled. The Indian women wear gay colors suited to their tawny skins, and the few men, barefooted, scrupulously retain their hats throughout the dance. In the dearth of partners the women dance together. The chief, though a young man, takes no part in the sports of his subjects. The village is built in a hollow square, open at one side. A broad street passes in front of the dwellings, but the centre of the square was filled with tall, dried shrubs. The wind blew toward the open side of the square; the roofs were cooled and somewhat moistened by the dew. Holding a torch, made with some sort of incense, the chief fired the brush on the windward side; the flames ran rapidly; the illumination was superb, and the dancers left the ball for the spectacle.

The Indians of this village were more interesting than the people who were met later on the Orinoco, where every man had a house, a mandolin, a hammock, a wife and a fever, and none could be persuaded to express a desire for any possession beyond these! Opposite Atouré are the rapids sketched in the first of the accompanying illustrations. These interfered with the transportation of the burial urns, but, with the connivance of the chief, a path was made through the forest to a point below the rapids and the treasure safely embarked.

Once the smell of musk announced the presence on shore of a drove of peccaries. Landing, the voyagers found pachyderms to the number of thirty, using their jaws with a sound like the shutting of books with heavy metallic clasps. They saw the hunters and drew up in line before them. Apatou, acquainted with the animals' ways, knowing that on occasion they tree the hunter and besiege him in regular order, shouted at the top of his voice, "Attention!" and the peccaries fled in terror.

Another time François, the cook, having shot a peccary from the raft, he tried to land, and leaped across as his comrades neared the shore and made fast to a bunch of young branches; which broke. The raft drifted a few rods down the stream, some overhanging branches were seized by main strength and the raft made fast, but afterwards thinking he could reach them they floated on. In



A DROVE OF PECCARIES.

a few seconds they left an arm of the river on either hand and found that he was on an island and could reach them only by swimming to the left bank and working through a cane-brake to the point opposite. Here the stream flowed in a single channel, and they could throw their ropes. After three hours' toil he reached the point and the scientists rowed toward him. The rope they tossed lost its balance stone and fell far short of François, who, in despair of help, threw himself into the stream and reached the raft exhausted by hard work and the terror of finding himself alone in the woods. They never got the pecary, and François was destined to perish from a venture that seemed far less perilous than landing almost unarmed and quite alone in an unexplored tropical forest.

In January he died of lockjaw following a slight wound inflicted by a ray-fish. He had waded into the stream

terrible dangers. It is hard to bear! The disappointment is overwhelming, and the eye grows moist at the thought."

This was, however, the only tragedy of the exploration, which was in all other respects exceptionally fortunate, and in February Lejannes sailed for France, leaving Dr. Crevaux to begin further research. In the allotted half year they had navigated a river hitherto unexplored, giving it a name which will mark the nationality of its first followers; and they had crossed a continent which, for want of accuracy among its earlier travelers, has remained too long the favorite field of careless describers of tropical wonders. These achievements were, however, merely means to an end, this being a research in botany, zoology and geology.

Later Dr. Crevaux returned to Paris, taking Apatou



IN THE CANES.

one morning to get clear water for cooking breakfast, and neglecting to beat the water before entering it he received two tiny, indescribably painful wounds. In two days he was dead, in spite of every care which the scanty comforts of the explorers' outfit enabled them to give him. Dr. Crevaux's description of this death in the wilderness deserves record as an example of the tender friendship which grows up among comrades in peril. The entry stands in the diary:

"June 25.—We must reach Maitaco at all hazard, where he may find a priest. It is a sombre morning, the sky covered, wind harsh, river rough. François is placed as comfortably as possible under the roof, Lejannes by him, I helping the rowers. Lejannes hardly succeeds in keeping the water bailed out as it pours in from all sides. We have made but a third of the way when a glance shows me the patient's face rigid. François Burbau has died a true sailor, in the midst of the storm, and he dies, almost in port, from an apparently insignificant hurt, after escaping

with him, and when he lectured on his explorations in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the guide was on the stage and was warmly applauded. He was so fascinated by his life in Paris that he would not return with the Doctor last November to South America, and this, it is feared, led to fatal results. Dr. Crevaux, charged with a scientific commission by the French government, went to explore the Paraguay to its source, cross the wooded plateaux of Mato-Grosso, and on the other side descend one of the tributaries of the Amazon. Shortly after leaving the Mission of San Francisco in March last, he and his whole party of eighteen were massacred. As the Indians are very gentle, the murder was probably committed by assassins who fly to that region from justice. It is thought that had Apatou been along the party would have escaped.

Dr. Crevaux was only thirty-five, a blonde, small with square shoulders, and was one of the scientific men whose loss concerns not only France but America.

TOBEY'S FORTUNE.

IN 1862, Tobey was a small black boy living in Holly Springs, which was then a Southern town unluckily placed in the path of both armies, so that its war record soon became of the most exciting nature. But none had an experience to be mentioned in the same breath with Tobey, who had a fortune in his grasp and never knew it! It is too outrageous for belief, but it is literally true, and this is how it happened:

It was the twentieth of December—"the glorious, glorious twentieth," the people of Holly Springs call it to this day. Tobey, whose other name was Kinkle, was awakened early in the morning by the sound of firing.

"Git up, pappy!" he called excitedly, "don't you hear de shootin'?"

Uncle Jim Kinkle, who was snoring comfortably in one corner of the cabin, under a great pile of dingy quilts and spreads, was slow in coming to the surface.

"What's de matter, Tobe?" he growled in sleepy tones.

"Fightin's de matter," shouted Tobey, hopping up and down. "Don't you hear de guns? Come out to de mound, an' wake up mammy, so she kin come, too."

He was off with these last words, and Uncle Jim, now fairly aroused, jumped up and jumped into his clothes in about the length of time it was said to take the wife of "Billy boy" to make a cherry pie.

Then he dashed out, head in front, as a bull charges. He was soon with Tobey on the top of an old mound, from which there was a good view.

"Great gran'daddy!" cried Uncle Jim, as he looked. "Jerusalem crickets! Phariot an' all his hosts!"

A vigorous fight was going on; the sharp crack of rifles and occasional yells were borne distinctly to their ears. Suddenly a ringing cheer burst from a thousand throats; a mounted squad tore like a whirlwind across the field, with another in hot pursuit.

"Which is runnin'?" Tobey, "cried Uncle Jim. "My eyes is gittin' ole. I can't tell tudder from which."

"Hooray fur de Ragged Rebs!" shrieked his offspring. "De Yanks is gittin' over de groun' like skeered rabbits. *Whoopee!* ain't dis a sight?"

By this time Aunt Betsey had waddled to the mound. "Is de worl' comin' to an end?" she asked, puffing between her words like an engine.

"No, mammy," said Tobey, "de worl' ain't comin' to an end; but de Feds is whipped out, sho's you bawn."

"Look at yo' daddy, Tobe," said Aunt Betsey; "what in de lan' is he doin'?"

Sure enough, what was he doing? He had stepped behind a magnolia tree growing on top of the mound and had turned his trousers wrong side out. Seeing this a ray of comprehension lighted Aunt Betsey's face.

"Go 'long wid you, nigger! Nobody's gwine ter notice an ole ijot like you," she said, with such a laugh as made her shake like a bowl of calf-foot jelly.

It must be explained that some days back one of the soldiers had given Uncle Jim a pair of blue breeches, and he had worn them proudly. But, like the Vicar of Bray, Mr. Kinkle had no particular principles, and meant to keep on good terms with both sides. To-day the boys in gray had the victory, and should he stand confessed a partisan of the Union, betrayed by his breeches? Perish the thought! He could not change them, however, for in Aunt Betsey's creed no man needed more than one pair at a time, and no sooner had her husband donned the blues than she cut down his old ones and put them on the growing Tobey. Uncle Jim,

however, was a man for emergencies. A born turncoat, he readily understood how to turn trousers as well, and when he stepped from behind the tree it was with snowy legs and a face beaming with rebel enthusiasm.

"I'm gwine to town," he remarked.

"Don't you go roun' whar de fightin' is," said Aunt Betsey. "You'll git killed fust thing you know."

"I reckon de fightin' is about over, ole 'ooman. We have whipped out de intruders on our sile befo' sun-up," said Uncle Jim with dignity.

"Well, you'll want some breakfas' befo' you git off."

"No," smiling mysteriously. "I spec' I kin git better in town dan what you could give me."

"Kin I go wid you, pappy?" asked Tobe.

"Yes, chile. I reckon you won't never learn no younger."

Aunt Betsy, as is the lot of women, had to stay at home. She fried some bacon and roasted an ash-cake, and ate her breakfast placidly. Then she beat up her feather bed and milked the cow and tied the calf; after which she waddled again to the mound. Seeing nothing, she leaned her broad back against the magnolia tree, shut her eyes, and placidly went to sleep.

Suddenly she waked with a start. The atmosphere was heavy. In the distance flames were mounting to the sky. Then a terrible explosion that seemed to make the very earth quiver threw her to the ground. Others followed; the glass in her cabin windows broke into bits; a smell of sulphur tainted the air.

Now, Aunt Betsey *knew* the world was coming to an end! Falling on her knees, she prayed fervently that Tobey and Jim and herself, and "ole Mars' an' ole Mis' an' de chillen an' Mars' Abram Lincoln an' Jeff Davis an' all good Christians and miserable sinners might be brought inter de fold." And she was still pouring forth this all-embracing prayer, when night came bringing son and husband home.

Their day had been very eventful. They had found the town in an uproar. A certain wild young cavalry officer, with a name like that of a novel hero—Earle Van Dorn—had galloped into Holly Springs with his reckless brigade, before the soldiers in camp were awake, to their utter confusion and overthrow. Not much blood had been shed, but all the Federals were captured, disarmed and released on parole. Holly Springs—the pretty little wicked rebel town—was out of its wits with joy. Already in fancy the sanguine Southerners saw Grant bound hand and foot, and the Confederacy a queen among nations. Handkerchiefs and tiny flags—starred and barred—waved from every window. Houses were thrown open to chance guests in gray, and as few had time to enter, the gateways were crowded with children. Matrons and maids, laughing, weeping, shaking hands, asking a thousand questions, stopped only to regale their friends with the delicacies most enjoyed by these sons of chivalry—buttermilk and onions.

Toward the middle of the day the foundry buildings and the old school-house were fired. These held army stores that could not be taken away—delicate eatables for the hospital, boxes of medicine, barrels of flour, coffee, sugar, tea, whisky, brandy and wine; so it was determined to destroy them, rather than leave them for the benefit of the enemy.

The people of Holly Springs had known by this time what it was to suffer actual want, and they could but feel a pang on seeing the fire lick up what would have

been life-blood to so many. The black population found it too much to endure, and for once, taking the initiative, they set an example, followed by all who had strength for the venture; and so they hurried from all parts of the town with wheelbarrows, bags and baskets, and rushed, as it seemed, into the very heart of the flames. They would come back laden with whatever came nearest to hand, and perhaps some angel of the Odd watched over them, for not a life was lost during their perilous work.

Tobey and his father had their share in all the excitement. Uncle Jim skipped around in his white trousers like a patriot on an electric machine, and shouted, "Hooray for Van Dorn!" louder than anybody; and when the robbing or saving of the foundry stores began he was in his element. He went halves with a man in town who owned a go-cart, and together they worked like Trojans.

Tobey soon escaped from his father's eye, spurred on by his own ambition. He knew that firearms were stored somewhere in the building, and he determined to fit himself out in a way to strike terror to the heart of every other boy in the village. He ran up the stairs, though the smoke curled about him and little daggers of flame were striking with wavering menace at the steps. Running through a passage he tried to dash into a room where he fancied he should find what he sought, but the door was locked. Daunted for an instant, he looked about him wondering what to do. At this instant the thunderous explosion of the powder shook the building with frightful violence. Tobey fell, stunned, deafened and frightened half to death. When he picked himself up he saw that a window leading into the locked room was shattered into fragments, and, with a spirit worthy of blue blood, he jumped through.

It was the paymaster's room. Some one had evidently left it in a hurry, some one who had tried to save the money just received for pay-day, as the chests were open and their contents partly gone; some one who had remembered to lock the door as he fled.

Tobey was greatly disappointed. What a stupid thing to find nothing but boxes filled with green pictures, and not a sign anywhere of pistol or bayonet. The little boy had never handled any money, never seen any, I might almost say. The crisp, new bills looked pretty, and with a sudden remembrance of his mammy's fondness for pasting pictures on the cabin walls, Tobey thrust a handful into each pocket and stuffed out the bosom of his flannel shirt with as many as it would hold. When positively driven out by the heat, he bounded down the stairs, the last living being to leave the doomed structure, and worth much more than when he entered it.

As night fell, Van Dorn galloped out of Holly Springs as hurriedly as he had entered. The town grew quiet, the people dispersed to their homes. Aunt Betsey at her prayers, as I have said, was surprised by the return of the wanderers, both in a state of radiant joy. Aunt Betsey heard their account of the day with many comments of wonder; but when a full coffee sack was thrown down beside her she merely folded her hands and said, "Bress de Lord!" And who wouldn't have said the same thing who for two years had been drinking coffee made of goober peas and sweet potatoes!

They feasted royally that night, and when supper was over Jim climbed the magnolia tree and tied the sack of coffee securely to its branches; the bag of flour he hid under the house, and into every rabbit hole in the mound he packed a can of fruit.

"What is you up to now, Jim?" said Aunt Betsey.

"Never you mind, old 'ooman, tain't no fool head on dis nigger's shoulders."

In fact, Mr. Kinkle's wits seemed preternaturally sharpened; and the event proved his wisdom. The next day Grant's army came pouring into Holly Springs, and men were detailed to search every house in town for stores that might have been saved. It was done thoroughly; those who had gained treasures lost them as speedily, and were warmly thanked by the jolly soldiers of Uncle Sam for their exertions in the cause of the government.

They called on the Kinkle family. Jim met them at the door, a clay pipe in his mouth, his trousers blue, his sentiments loyal.

"Me got anything, gen'lemen?" he said, in a tone of great surprise. "Why, lor! I was sick in bed with the rheumatiz all day, an' wouldn't a-been able ter hav' acted like dem harem-scarem niggers in town ef I had a-wanted to. Tobey here, he went in, an' somebody gin him an ole powder flask, an' a can o' pineapple. We done eat de pineapple las' night; but I know Mr. Lincoln wouldn't begrudge dat much ter a good Union nigger like me."

This eloquence was not convincing, and the soldiers made a pretty good search. But they did not think of looking under the house, nor up the trees, nor in the rabbit holes. So Jim saved his prizes, and held his head very high all the rest of his life in consequence.

Tobey said nothing about the pretty green pictures; he kept them for a rainy day as it were, when Aunt Betsey should be cross. His night-dress was exactly the same as his day dress; so the bills rested safely where he had placed them, and nobody suspected what a walking bonanza he had become.

Van Dorn's raid was on Saturday. On the Monday following, Tobey was hanging about the smoking pile that had been the foundry building, when two officers rode up and looked sadly on the ruins.

"There's no use lamenting," said one of them at last; "let us light our cigars and go."

The other felt in his pocket mechanically. "I have no matches," he said; "have you?"

"No, but we can light them from the fire—so much good it can do us, at least! Here, boy! fetch me a coal."

Tobey neared the smoking heap cautiously. It did not seem possible to get a coal, but he could get the gentlemen a light by twisting up one of his green pictures for a spill. He had strong hopes of receiving a dime in return.

He took out one of the bills, twisted a long lighter and stuck it in the fire. It blazed quickly, and he ran with it to the officer, who took it, lighted his cigar, blew it out suddenly, and cried: "What the dickens is this?"

"Look, Foster," as he spread out the remnant, "a greenback bill as I'm a captain! Here, you little scamp! how did you come by this? Have you any more?"

"Oh! yes, sir!" said Tobey in all simplicity. Then he told the story of how he came by them, the officers listening like statues of attention. When he had finished they turned and stared at each other, pulling their moustaches very hard. Then the captain said mildly, "Come to the camp with me and I'll give you some better pictures. These are all alike. You may just hand them over to me."

Tobey relinquished the bills, not so crisp and fresh as they were, but worth quite as much, while his captors grew almost speechless with astonishment as they saw the value the notes represented. They were careful not to enlighten Tobey, however, as to the value of his treasure trove, and he was sent off completely happy

with a silver dollar and a pile of illustrated newspapers. Uncle Sam got his own again, for the officers were honest and loyal gentlemen. As for Tobey—he never knew that for two whole days he had been rich enough to buy out Holly Springs, or to found an orphan asylum, or to run race horses, or to own a yacht, or to start a daily paper. Aunt Betsey never knew—Jim Kinkle never knew, or, I fear, like certain old heroes in Roman

history, they would have died of mortification. Tobey to-day thrives in the ignoble state of a barber, supporting his mother, who has grown too fat even to waddle, and his father, who is almost too lazy to breathe. He is industrious, honest, popular and gay—but what might he not have been had his fortune stuck to his fingers until he had found out its value!

SHERWOOD BONNER.



CASTLE KEEP.

IN Castle Keep, all dark and grim,
She stands, my lady bright;
The gray walls looming ghostly dim,
The keys that weight her fingers slim,
Make her but look more fair, more slight.

Like mediæval saint, her face
Casts glory everywhere;
The sunny hair lights up the place,
The white-robed form lends life and grace
To sombre walls and wainscot bare.

What mean those dreaming eyes, fair maid?
Where go those lagging feet?
Fill housewife cares that pretty head,
Or dost thou haste through leafy glade
Thy trusty waiting knight to meet?

H. Mc D.

VULPINE STRATEGY.



MANY curious stories are related in reference to the power of fascination and mesmerizing possessed by men and other animals, but the exact definition of the faculty and result of the power has as yet to be satisfactorily given. Much thought on the subject is always aroused in the naturalist's mind whenever and wherever he is at work in the field, observing and collecting.

While watching the peculiar aquatic movements of a herd of sea lions below the brow of an abrupt, lofty cliff on the east shore of St. George's Island, Behring Sea, in June, 1873, my attention was drawn from those pinnipeds to another exhibition, quite as interesting and suggestive. I saw a blue fox (*Vulpes lagopus*) trip softly up and out to the extreme verge of an overhanging precipice, under the summit of which and right on the face of the bluff, a few feet below, were the nest, eggs and forms of two cormorants, or shags (*Graculus bicristatus*). The fox peered down upon the startled birds beneath, and then, seeming to realize the futility of any attempt to reach them where they were, he drew back from the edge, and also from the view of the cormorants.

In thus retiring, the artful fox knew well what to do. He had aroused the curiosity of the most stupid and inquisitive of all waterfowl, and Reynard was sure that these birds would soon rise on wing to examine the cause of their disturbance. As the shags flew up, the fox threw itself flat upon its back, with eyes closed, limbs limp and motionless, and its tail stiffly elevated, with a slight swaying motion which the fresh breeze then blowing seemed to create.

The cormorants, with their long necks craned up and then down, flew in wide circles over and around the inanimate form of their disturber, and in their aerial rotation they gradually grew nearer and nearer, closer and closer, in circling flight until the pinions of one bird actually touched the brush of the

simulating fox, who, at the moment of contact, sprang with electric celerity into the air and seized the inquisitive shag in its quick-snapping jaws. Then, catching sight of me for the first time, the cunning animal bounded off and away with its foolish victim, in spite of the frantic wing-beatings of that unhappy bird, and in an instant a few feathers whirling in the wind-eddies were all that remained on the scene.

The combination of stupidity and curiosity which characterizes the cormorant's mind is in marked contrast with the alert sense and indifference exhibited by the gulls and auks that live here in countless numbers. The fox never catches a puffin, an auk or a gull by any such shallow humbuggery, and it is only the dull *graculus* which he intuitively marks for such diversion, and with



which he triumphantly ends the game. This peculiar exhibition of vulpine strategy—so odd that its recollection never renders it any the less so—in my opinion showed nothing more than the power of morbid curiosity over the better sense of the shag, and the quick, keen, instinctive appreciation of the fox, which seemed to know that only this bird would be guilty of such rash stupidity. Master Reynard would miserably starve did he wait for gulls or other waterfowl on St. George to be capable of such silly indiscretion, and that sagacious animal never attempts to catch them so. They would literally "gull" him were he to try the trick on them.

Another marked illustration of intelligence, verging upon true reason, to say the least, possessed by this fox of the Pribylov Islands, was given to me in this way. During the months of May to November inclusive the fur of the blue "peesaiich" is faded, shedding and ragged, and hence it is valueless until winter fairly sets in, and then by December the fluffy dress is in prime order up to May again.

In the summer they are therefore never molested or hunted by the natives, but as soon as the hyemal season has fairly opened, the Aleutes are after their hides with all zeal and skill in shooting and trapping. The foxes understand this rotation of rest and unrest perfectly, so that they hardly keep out of the villages during summer, but bark and chatter everywhere in the faces of men, and actually half invite a frolic of people when strolling to and from the rookeries; but long before the first gun is fired at them in December they have withdrawn from sight, and they have to be hunted with studied care and alertness.

My thoughts have returned many times, since I beheld this artifice of Reynard at St. George's Island, to the interesting subject of fascination or mesmerization in animals. We are all familiar, more or less, with the curious stories told of the power possessed by serpents in so paralyzing or benumbing the brains of rabbits and birds as to make an easy conquest of such quarry. Never having myself witnessed this action of the snake and its victim, I cannot say positively that in my opinion fascination had anything at all to do with it, or terror either, but I am strongly inclined to think that the same pure and simple curiosity which led the shag into the jaws of the fox also leads birds and rabbits into the mouths of serpents.

Rabbits, hens, canary birds and dogs can be taken up by a skillful man and so manipulated in his hands as to be perfectly docile and passive—in fact, mesmerized.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN has just experienced a shock which for the moment probably confounded him more than even the burning of his famous library. He has been in Rome of late with a view of beginning the formation of another, and during his stay there, attended a lecture by the archaeologist, Dr. Rossi. The latter in the course of

his remarks spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to see before him "a man who might be called the father of Christian epigraphy." Prof. MommSEN rose and modestly bowed his thanks, but sat down in unutterable confusion as the lecturer after a short pause mentioned the Jesuit Father Caruzzi as the person to whom he had had reference.



Acquisition.

But what the fox did, as above related, was very different. Had it given the slightest sign of life while the shag was stupidly gyrating in air over its head, that dull, curious bird would have been instantly satisfied, and its stiff pinions would have carried it away to safety and peace. It was an exhibition of rare strategy on the one side and of intense morbid curiosity on the other; neither the fox nor the shag was under the influence of the other for a single moment until the jaws of the furry trickster were closed upon the body of the feathered fool.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

IN THE STREET OF THE LITTLE AUGUSTINES.

THE French Academy of Fine Arts has made La rue des Petits Augustins familiar to all Parisian art students. The old chateau, in the style of the Renaissance, built by Henri II for Diane de Poitiers, presents the same interesting façade to-day that it did over a quarter of a century ago when I, who sit now among the gray-bearded elders of our National Academy, and am looked upon by the *jeunesse dorée* of the Society of American Artists as a sort of amiable Jonathan Oldboy, first scrawled my ambitious copy of the Hemicycle of Delacroix.

The Latin Quarter has changed since then quite as much as the wild boys who lived so gayly in its old streets, but with this difference, that while we have grown old the locality has grown new. The Boulevard St. Germain is plowing its way through historic buildings, picturesque courts, and streets whose names we find now only in the pages of Eugène Sue and the earlier romances of Dumas père.

American art students were not so common in Paris then as now. Those of us who were there conformed ourselves to European customs, keeping up the old traditions of student life. I searched in vain last summer for the house, almost in the shadow of the gloomy Sorbonne, where I used to lodge. Baron Haussmann, in his improvements, had swept away not the house only, but the narrow street on which it stood. La rue des Petits Augustins was still there, however, and on it a tall, narrow house, in whose upper story twenty of us met twice a week in a life class. It began as a speculation, managed by a niggardly old man, Père le Roux, who gave us the use of his garret and acted as middleman between us and the models, screwing as much money as possible out of us, and parting with as little as possible to them. Some of us after a time induced Monsieur Barye, the eminent sculptor and naturalist, to visit us occasionally and criticise our work, for the number in the class who modeled in clay predominated greatly over those who drew.

As it became generally known that Barye was our visiting professor, a number of other young sculptors joined us. The membership was confined to men, for there were no life schools accessible at this time to women. Our conversation, when the professor was not present, was not always of the most elevated character. It might have been still worse had not the more industrious members made a rule that any talkative, or otherwise disturbing spirit should be promptly ejected. We appointed a well-built Alsatian guardian of the peace. When any one became too noisy the guardian would place the modeling tool he chanced to be using between his teeth, calmly pitch the offender down stairs and return silently to his work. A young man, by the name of L'Etrange, whose modeling table was next my own, appeared to serve the Alsatian as a kind of moral thermometer. His native delicacy was greater than that possessed by the rest of us; and when a *double entendre* was perpetrated, or a not over choice song was sung, his beardless cheek would burn like the heart of a rich camellia.

L'Etrange was always extremely clever in execution and often there was something masterly in his conceptions. He never felt his way out of the clay to a figure, the idea existed clear cut in his mind before he began

his work. He had a faculty of concentrating the interest on any desired action, and also a tendency to idealization eliminating whatever was vulgar in the model, and giving to his creations an impression of innocent loveliness or noble strength, even when the type before him was most unworthy.

We were examining and criticising each other's work one day after class, according to our usual custom, when we were all struck by L'Etrange's statuette. The model had been a Seine bargeman, the pose that of rowing. We had all grumbled that the man had put so little action into the position, holding the two broom handles, which we had given him in lieu of oars, in such a limp and nerveless way. L'Etrange had, by an inspiration of genius, turned to account this very circumstance. The muscles of the arms were relaxed, the hands could hardly be said to grasp the oar, the fingers closed so reluctantly upon it; but all this comported well with the expression of the face, half averted in horror from the direction which the eyes still sought, as though overcome by an irresistible fascination.

"Listening to Circe!" a half-dozen of us exclaimed together; "you must put that into marble."

"Into plaster first," replied L'Etrange, "then into marble, if I can find a patron."

From that time the young man was regarded with consideration by his classmates. We recognized the presence amongst us of a possible genius, and he was forthwith besieged with overtures of friendship to which he responded but coldly.

"He feels himself above us," said one of our number, a young Spaniard. "We will find out whose knife has the sharper edge if he gives me any more of his supercilious airs."

"He is very secretive," remarked a little pock-marked Frenchman, who went amongst us by nickname of *Petite Vérole*. "I have not yet discovered where he lodges, although I have three times followed him after leaving the class. Such a jaunt as he led me last night! I am certain he suspected me, and kept me walking on purpose, the malicious one!"

"It is, after all, his own affair," suggested the Alsatian. "He is probably poor and too proud to let us know how he lives, in which case we should respect his reticence; and if I catch you, L'Espagnol, picking a quarrel with him, or you, *Petite Vérole*, dogging him again, I'll drop you both into the Seine."

I admired L'Etrange quite as much as the Alsatian, but I took no part in the surmises regarding the mystery which enveloped him, for my thoughts were at this time well filled by my own affairs. I had received, before leaving America, two possible orders. I was to furnish a design for a candelabrum to a dealer in bronzes and gas fixtures, and had been requested by a wealthy gentleman (who wished to donate a memorial statue to a reformatory institution of which he had been the founder), to send back a plaster cast for a statue representing the Thralldom of Vice. If I succeeded I would in one case receive a perpetual percentage on the sale of the candelabrum, and in the other would be paid a munificent price for the statue cut in marble.

In both instances there were other competitors. I had already tried for the candelabrum and had failed. A letter from the firm announced that another Ameri-

can artist, Miss Mary Rheinhardt, had furnished the successful design. It was now being cast by a Parisian firm; I might call if I chose and judge of its excellence as compared with my own.

I told the story to L'Etrange, showed him my design, and asked him to go with me and examine this woman's work. He accepted my invitation, and the candelabrum was unwrapped for us in the ware room of the foundry. Sore and prejudiced as I was, I was compelled to admit it better than my own composition. Three figures, each holding aloft an antique lamp, stood back to back. One of these figures, stern, un pitying, inexorable, held a glittering sword in her right hand. It was easy to see that hers was the lamp of Truth. Another, cowed and robed in the dress of a student of Petrarch's time, held his lamp above a book which he was studying, on which the word "Knowledge" in Greek was cut. The third figure, with an air of protection, raised with her disengaged arm a crouching, groping creature, who seemed grateful for the light which streamed from the Lamp of Love, extended above. Around this lamp ran the inscription, "This is the true light that lighteth every man."

I remember that while I gave the candelabrum my honest but grudging praise, L'Etrange did not seem at all impressed by its beauty, but spoke appreciatively and consolingly of the good points in my own unfortunate design. What stung me most in the affair was the thought that I had been fairly beaten by a woman, and I applied myself with the utmost determination to my statue emblematical of the "Thralldom of Vice." It was not strikingly original in conception. The Laocoön seemed to me the only adequate expression of the idea, and I had determined upon a modification of the antique, to be called "In the Toils of the Serpent." I would represent a Hindoo girl, presumably a snake charmer, overcome and crushed by a huge reptile which she had ceased to control. I had the advantage of Monsieur Barye's counsel. I visited the Jardin des Plantes daily, studying the huge boas and anacondas coiling in their cages. My Hindoo girl was posed with her arms pinioned by a fold of the serpent's body, her shoulders thrown upward with a convulsive effort to writhe out of the deadly toils, an action which L'Etrange at once praised for its realism and blamed for its horror. I was confident of success, and awaited the result with the utmost impatience. During the interval of sending my cast to England, where my patron happened to be at this time, and the decision in regard to it, an incident occurred which introduced my friend to me in a new character. He dropped his handkerchief one day, and, as it fell nearer my modeling table than his own, I stooped and restored it to him. The handkerchief was in my hand only an instant, but that instant was long enough for me to comprehend that this filmy bit of embroidery and perfume was not intended for a man's use, even if I had not seen the name *Mary Rheinhardt* neatly marked in the corner. L'Etrange saw that I noticed it and crimsoned deeply.

"You did not say that you knew Miss Rheinhardt when we were speaking of her the other day," I said.

"Our acquaintance is so slight," he stammered, "that I thought it hardly worth mentioning."

That evening Petite Vérole joined me as I walked homeward. "Was the name on the handkerchief *Made-moiselle Rheinhardt*?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied rather tartly, for L'Etrange was still my friend, and I resented another's prying into his affairs.

"*Eh bien*," chuckled Petite Vérole. "They must be

great friends, those two, for I have three times followed him from here to her studio on the Faubourg St. Honoré."

"He gives her lessons, probably," I replied, and suddenly the suspicion entered my mind that here perhaps was the secret of Miss Rheinhardt's talent. L'Etrange assisted her! It was only an envious surmise, but it made me alert and watchful for the proof which came later.

News came at last from my statue, "In the Toils of the Serpent." It was rejected, and again the successful competitor was Mary Rheinhardt. "Your conception," the gentleman desiring the statue wrote me, "is brutal and painful in the extreme, a portrayal of mere physical agony. We have accepted a work which rises into the realm of the ideal, showing the thralldom of vice in its more alluring and seductive forms, by a subtle rendering of mental emotions in a face. The figure is calm, natural; there are no violent contortions. The sentiment is exquisitely feminine, while the execution is noble and manly. I inclose a photograph of the successful statue, 'Listening to Circe.'"

There, staring me in the face, was the same lazy bargeman that we had hailed in the life class as a work of genius. The work was in no sense Miss Rheinhardt's. If he chose to surrender it to her and she to accept it as her own, so much the more disgraceful for them both. I could have borne to be eclipsed fairly by my friend, but that he should dishonorably barter his talent was a terrible blow to the love I bore him, and that a woman should carry away honors to which she had no right, and so be estimated as a better artist than myself, was more than my pride could endure. That L'Etrange was poor and saw no other way of disposing of his work, that she was probably rich and ambitious, made no difference to me. It was a lie, and as such should be publicly branded. I wrote immediately to the patron so grossly deceived, narrating the whole matter and requesting him to print the letter in the most prominent English and American journals as an act of retributive justice. I posted the letter immediately on writing it, and as the idea of striking in the dark was repugnant to me, I sent a copy of it to Miss Mary Rheinhardt, Faubourg St. Honoré.

Then in no amiable mood I strode away to our life class, in the street of the Little Augustines. L'Etrange came in late, and strangely excited. He fingered his work nervously, and his work that day was a notable failure. He avoided my glance, and I took a malicious pleasure in watching him.

The model posed with one arm raised high above her head.

"It is a tiresome position," said the Alsatian; "you should rest now."

"Indeed, monsieur," replied the girl, "I am not weary; I am accustomed to the pose. I stood so for Monsieur L'Etrange for three figures, holding a lamp above my head."

I faced L'Etrange angrily. "So," I said, "we are to understand that you modeled Miss Rheinhardt's candelabrum as well as her statue 'Listening to Circe.'"

"Miss Rheinhardt," replied L'Etrange, with dignity, "is alone entitled to whatever merit there may be in the works bearing her name."

"Liar!" I hissed, and at the same moment felt the strong grasp of the Alsatian's hand upon my collar.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, "such language demands satisfaction!"

"L'Etrange shall have it," I replied, "when and where he chooses. This is no place to arrange prelimi-

naries; if he will favor me with an appointment for that purpose—"

"Numero —, Faubourg St. Honoré, at eight o'clock this evening."

Eight o'clock found me at the door indicated. It bore upon a small silver plate the name "Miss Rheinhardt." I started; it was strange indeed that L'Etrange should have given me her rooms as a rendezvous. A lady, whose face too was strangely familiar, responded to my knock. She held in her hand an open letter, and spoke with a voice which thrilled me as though it were that of some dead friend. "The occurrences of the afternoon can be easily forgiven," she said, "but what satisfaction have you to offer for this letter?"

I had never before to my knowledge met Mary Rheinhardt, but as I felt the clear, penetrating gaze of her dark eyes and noticed the rich brunette complexion changing and flushing as she stood before me the embodiment of insulted womanhood, I knew that I had seen all this before, and that I was the victim of some mysterious spell which I was powerless to shake off.

"It is all a mistake," I stammered. "L'Etrange was right; a woman with such a face as yours could never give to the world under her name work that was not her own."

"Do you not understand!" she exclaimed with fine scorn, "that I am L'Etrange?"

"You?" I replied confusedly, "you are a woman!"

"And as such, debarred from the privilege of study in the life class, with the criticism of fellow-students and instructors, a privilege which every artist prizes as highly as independent study. I felt that I could not excel in my profession without it, and so attended your class in disguise. Some day perhaps there will be independent classes formed for women, but I could not wait for that time. Professor Barye was acquainted with my alias, and placed me under the protection of the Alsatian. My secret was unsuspected; it was a bold, a

questionable thing to do, but until now I have seen no cause to regret it."

"I recognize you now," I cried, "and I implore you to forgive me;" but, as the words crossed my lips, an overwhelming consciousness of the great injury I had done her came upon me."

"Can you calculate," she asked, as though divining my thoughts, "the mischief which the letter you have sent will do me? Wrong irreparable, a reputation blackened, a career ruined!"

"I will telegraph a complete retraction," I cried. "It is not too late to atone for my mistake and to prevent the consequences."

"It is too late. The truth in this instance would be as damaging to me in the opinion of many persons as the calumny itself. A word let fall can never be gathered up again. You have done me harm enough, and I charge you never again to mention my name to any one."

I did not obey the charge, but telegraphed at once to the purchaser of the statue, begging him to hold my letter unopened until a second could arrive. He acceded to my request, and, after reading my full explanation, committed my first letter to the flames without breaking the seal. He was kind enough to write to Miss Rheinhardt, convincing her of my repentance and that no whisper of my evil suspicions had gone abroad.

This was long, long ago, as I have said. I am writing this sketch beside a bronze candelabrum, beneath a lamp held by a figure called Love, a lamp which bears the legend, "This is the true light that lighteth every man." And, sitting in this light, I have learned to abhor all scandal and bitter words that may by any possibility bring pain to another.

And the lamp-light, soft and mellow, falls like a benison, not on my head alone, but on that of my dear wife as well, whom you know already as Mary Rheinhardt and the young sculptor, L'Etrange.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

EBBING AND FLOWING.

THE tide went out—

Shining pebbles and shells that lay
On the shore, at the beck of the white-armed spray
Went out with the tide

The tide went out—

And a hundred ships asleep on the strand
Sprang up, and away from the hateful land
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—

And a life as sweet as a life might be,
Drifting away to the unknown sea,
Went out with the tide.

The tide came in—

The pebbles and shells, with the waves' disdain
Flung from their arms to the shore again,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—

The weary ships from their voyaging,
Laden with many a precious thing,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—

But the life, as sweet as a life might be,
Came not back from the unknown sea,
Came not in with the tide.

EMILIE A. BRADDOCK.

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

NUMBER XI.

"SPLITTING the difference" is a convenient compromise, but it is not always creditable to both parties, and Jill thought it would not be safe with such advisers to assume that Wisdom's house is always built between two extremes. She felt, too, that the architect's discussion of details must be tiresome to her guests, and therefore resolved to take up but one more of his queries, spending the remainder of the evening in looking over plans and letters, of which she had an ample store still unexplored, or in listening to Bessie's ardent description of the treasures she hoped to find in the lofty recesses of the old garrets.

"I fear the next topic will not be deeply interesting, but it is the last one to-night, and Jack *must* give me his undivided attention if he wishes to know what we are to stand upon in the new house."

"Is it about floors?" Bessie asked. "Do please have waxed floors. I dote on waxed floors, don't you, Mr. James?"

"Not especially; but I'm pretty apt to slip on them. Is it about floors, Jill?"

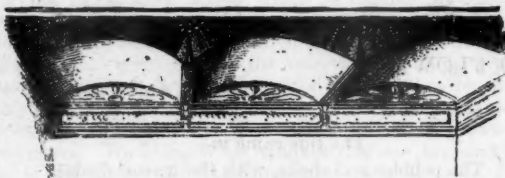
"Yes, but chiefly about the best way to build them—their construction."

"I thought the architect was to settle questions of construction to suit himself."

"He is, and this topic he writes 'concerns construction, cost, use and design, and is, therefore, one on which we may properly take counsel together.'"

"How condescending!"

"I suppose you would object to iron girders with brick arches between them on account of their cost, but I hope to see rolled iron-beams for brick dwelling-houses so cheaply made that they will be commonly used instead of wood. Such iron ribs, with the brick arches or other masonry between them, might well form the finish

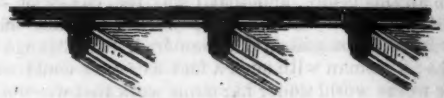


of the ceilings, and if we were accustomed to see them, our frail lath and plaster would seem stale, flat and combustible in comparison. The usual mode of making floors of thin joists set edgewise, from one to two feet apart, with one or two thicknesses of inch boards on the top to walk upon, and lathing underneath to hold the plastering, is perhaps the most economical use of materials. A more satisfactory construction would be to use larger beams two or three times as far apart, laying thicker planks upon them and dispensing with plastering altogether, or perhaps applying it between the timbers directly to the underside of the planks, leaving the beams themselves in sight. If the floor is double the planks or boards lying directly upon the joists may be of common, coarse stock, hemlock or spruce, upon which must be laid another thickness of finished boards. It is for you to say whether the finished upper floor shall be of com-

mon cheap stock, to be always covered by carpets, or of some harder wood carefully polished and not concealed at all, except by occasional rugs."



FLOORS AS THEY ARE.



FLOORS AS THEY MIGHT BE.

"Oh, I do *hope* she will have rugs!" Bessie's remarks were semi-asides addressed chiefly to Jim. "There's nothing so lovely as these oriental rugs. Kitty Kane had an *exquisite* one among her wedding presents, and when her house was built the parlor was made to fit the rug. It makes it rather long and narrow, but the rug is *too* lovely."

"It is also for you to say whether the finished floor, if you have no carpets, shall consist simply of plain narrow boards or be more expensively laid in parquet designs. In the latter case I shall claim the privilege of choosing the pattern."

"Why should he trouble himself about the pattern of the wood floors any more than he would about the style of the carpets?"

"He would probably say, because the floors are a part of the house for which he is making the plans and will last as long as the house itself, while the carpets are subject to changing fashions and will soon return to their original dust. But he may attempt to dictate in regard to carpets if we give him a chance."

"Undoubtedly—to the extent of pitching them out of the window."

"In laying double floors one simple matter must not be neglected. The under, or lining boards, which are usually wide and imperfectly seasoned, should be laid *diagonally* upon the joists; otherwise in their shrinking and swelling they will move the narrow finished boards resting upon them and cause ugly cracks to appear, even though the upper floor is most carefully laid and thoroughly seasoned. The liberal use of nails is another obvious but often neglected duty of floor-makers, who seem at times to act upon the supposition that as a floor has nothing to do but lie still and be trodden upon, it only needs to be laid in place and let alone. This may be true of stone flagging; it is far from being true of inch boards, that have an incurable tendency to warp, twist, spring and shake. Lining floors, especially, whatever their thickness, should be nailed—spiked is a more forcible term—to every possible bearing and with generous frequency; to be specific, say every three inches. The finished boards must also be secured by nails driven squarely through them. If you object to the appearance of nail-heads the boards may be secured by nails

driven through the edges in such way that they will be out of sight when the floor is finished; but this should never be done except by skillful and conscientious workmen. There is no excuse for this "blind" nailing in floors that are to be covered by carpets, and it is seldom desirable under any circumstances. All thorough nailing adds greatly to the strength, and will alone prevent the creaking of the boards, so annoying in a sick room and so discouraging to burglars."

"Whatever else we do we must make it all right for the burglars. Tell him we will have floors that can be used either way, with rugs or without, with matting, with carpets or with nothing at all but their own unadorned loveliness. Those in the chambers, where there is not much wear and tear, may be of common clear pine, and we can paint or stain a border around the edges. The others ought to be of harder wood, and, as they will last as long as we shall need floors, we can afford to have them cost rather more than a good carpet, perhaps thirty or forty cents a square foot."

"I don't see the necessity for that," said Jill, who had a frugal mind—at times. "I know they will outlast a great many carpets, but it is considerable work to keep a bare floor in order—or rather to put it in order—which must be taken into account, and, as for saving the expense of carpets, we shall be likely to spend twice as much for rugs as the carpets would cost. However, extravagance in rugs is not the fault of the hard-wood floors and ought not to be charged against them. We might have a few parquetry floors, but for most of the rooms plain narrow strips, with a pretty border, will be good enough. What do you think about it, Jim?"

While Jim was preparing to say that he didn't think he knew much about such things, there came a crash on the floor above, followed by loud and incoherent observations by the chambermaid. The chandelier began to shake, as that substantial domestic fairy flew through the passage that led to the back stairs, at the head of which she was distinctly heard to exhort the cook in good set terms to "hurry up with the mop, for the water-jug was upset and the mistress would be raving if the water came through the ceiling."

The quartette below listened with conflicting emotions. Jill was indignant, Bessie horrified—apparently, Jim greatly amused, and Jack sublimely indifferent. "If there's anything I *despise*," said Jill, "it is a house that makes a human being seem like an elephant, and where I can't say my prayers or move a chair in my own room without rousing the entire household."

"There's one good thing about it," said Jim pleasantly. "You can't help knowing what is going on in your own house."

"Spoken like a man and a brother, James. You always go to the root of a matter. I like to keep posted. No skeletons and gunpowder plots for me. I had this house made so on purpose." Whereat they all laughed and again took up the floor question, while the sound of hurrying feet and the rattling of domestic implements went on overhead, and the chandelier trembled with the jarring floors.

"I suppose forty dollars' worth of timber originally added to these floors would have made them so firm that we might drive a cannon across them without shaking the building. We will, at least, have solid floors in the new house, but the architect informs us that 'effectual deafening of the floors and partitions necessarily adds considerably to their cost, since the walls and ceilings must be virtually double or filled with some light porous material.' The construction I have described for making the house fireproof, or nearly so, would also make it

comparatively sound proof. It would prevent the passage of any reasonable in-door noises, though it might not withstand the stamping of heavy steel-shod feet. Indeed, the question of bare, hard-wood floors is, in one of its aspects, rather a question of boots. It is most unreasonable to say the floors are noisy and slippery when the fault lies rather in the hard, stiff, awkward receptacles in which our feet are imprisoned. If we are ever clad from head to foot in the robes of a perfect civilization, we shall doubtless find smooth bare floors for general use more satisfactory than any kind of rugs, mats or carpets."

"And now," said Jill, "we will leave the next of this interminable letter for a more convenient season and see what our indefatigable aunt has sent as the latest and best thing in domestic architecture. If you will take the plans and follow the description, I will read the letter straight through, though it will doubtless contain more or less advice not strictly pertinent to house-building. Here it is:

"MY DEAR JILL: On further reflection I have concluded that the little cottage plans which I sent last will not answer. I doubt whether you and Jack have sufficient independence and originality to make a success in living, even temporarily, in a small, unpretending cottage. It requires unusual strength of character—"

"Listen, Jack.

"To establish and maintain a high social standing with no adventitious aids. You cannot at present afford a large establishment, but you must have one that is striking and elegant. I was first attracted to this house by its external appearance—not especially the form, but the material, as we often see a lady of inferior *physique* whose rich and tasteful attire makes her the observed of all observers."

"Aunt Melville is inclined to be dumpy, and is immensely proud of her taste in dress.

"The walls near the ground—the underpinning, I suppose—is of solid granite blocks, irregular in size, rough and rugged in appearance. Indeed, the impression is of exceeding solidity and strength, perhaps because the walls slope backward as they rise. The first story is also of stones, but such peculiar stones as I never expected to see in a dwelling house, precisely like those used in the country for fences."

"How exquisite!" exclaimed Bessie, clapping her hands in ecstasy.

"Some of them seemed to be covered with the gray lichens that are found growing on rocks,—"

"How delicious!"

"But I very much fear these will be destroyed by the action of the lime in the mortar. The stones vary in color, and at a little distance the effect is like a rich mosaic. The corners of the house and the sides of the windows are made of peculiarly dark, rough-looking bricks that harmonize well with the general tone of the stone



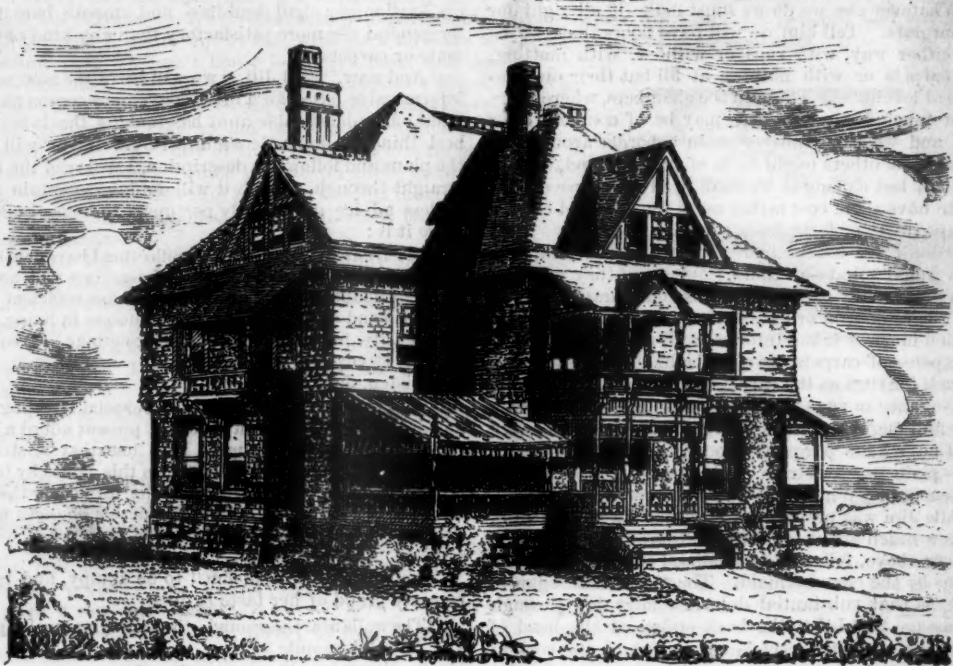
BRICKS AND BOULDERS ON GRANITE UNDERPINNING.

walls. The second story is of wood, covered with shingles that have not been painted, but simply oiled, and they have turned a dark reddish-brown. I found on inquiry that they are California red wood. The roof is of red tiles, and the chromatic effect of the entire building is very charming and aristocratic."

"That would suit us perfectly," said Jack, "but I

think our aristocratic aunt is more tiresome than the architect. Jim is asleep and Bessie is on the verge of slumber." But just at that moment Bessie gave a piercing scream and bounded from the sofa in uncontrollable affright, while an army of reckless June bugs came dashing in through the open, unscreened windows.

E. C. GARDNER.



APPLETON'S *Literary Bulletin* describes a copy of *The Letter*, a little sheet devoted to literature and published in 1858, a time now almost as remote in feeling as 1492. "We find in it several items of peculiar interest, read after an interval of twenty-four years. Among the announcements is the first volume of the four volumes of Bancroft's 'History of the United States' that embrace the period of the Revolution. The reader is informed that 'as a great demand will no doubt arise for this portion of Mr. Bancroft's great work, independent of the previous volumes, the series appertaining to the Revolution will be published separately, but with title-pages and binding to correspond.' This announcement applies almost exactly to the two volumes devoted to the 'History of the Formation of the Constitution,' which are just on the eve of publication. In another place the astonished reader of to-day finds the following: 'The London *Athenaeum* intimates the probable consummation of the International Copyright Treaty at an early date.' An international treaty, then, was proposed at that time. What shall we read twenty-four years hence of the fate of the present treaty—the 'consummation of which at an early date' is now again hoped for? At that time the novels of Dr. Ruffini, an Italian, were much talked about, 'Doctor Antonio' being specially popular. Does anybody read those novels now? In 1858 George Eliot's first book, 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' was published, which

we find advertised in *The Letter* as 'excellent' and 'full of quiet humor, delicate insight into character, and tender pathos.' Thus began a fame soon to be exalted to the highest place. The editor of *The Letter* gossips freely upon all matters of books, and utters then, of American writers, just what we are all saying now: 'What are our authors doing? Why do they not give us more books!'

VENTILATION in the St. Gothard tunnel has become a very serious problem. Four daily trains are taken each way. In some of the short tunnels leading up to the great one the incline is so steep that an engine at each end is necessary, and breathing is so difficult for the men in the one at the end that reservoirs of pure air, from which to breathe, have to be supplied. As the traffic will be heavy as soon as the connecting lines are completed, the Chief Engineer, M. Bridel, has decided that an electric railway is the only solution of the difficulty. The water-power at the entrance will be utilized to drive turbines working the dynamos. A one-inch copper rod will be carried through, on which a small carriage will run in electrical connection with the electro-motor on the train. Current will thus be supplied through the journey, the rails serving the purpose of a return wire. The experiment will cost about 180,000 francs, but, if it succeeds, the value of the plant will make the loss not over 80,000 francs.



Ho, little country cousin,
What brings you to the city?
We've sad hearts by the dozen;
To join them were a pity.
I wonder you can sever
From home and friends, though humble,
Trefoil and cinquefoil clever,
The honey-bee and bumble.

You've come to spend the season
At Mrs. Grundy's asking?
Ah! then I know the reason;
In fashion's smile you're basking.
You've come awhile to "queen it;"
I shall be superseded;
I know you did not mean it,
So no excuse is needed.

Poor child! your prospect's dreary;
Indeed, my heart aches for you;
Of fashion soon you'll weary;
I've been through it before you.
They'll stiffen you and bend you
In every shape they fancy;
Gentility they'll lend you
By direful necromancy.

They'll paint you, carve you, mould you,
They'll work you up in crewel;
In silver or in gold you
Will make a charming jewel.
They'll hang you o'er the lintel
As lonely as an isthmus;
You'll pose upon the mantel;
You'll mope on cards for Christmas.

On reticules you'll dangle;
On soup-tureens you'll swelter;
In maiden's hair you'll tangle
And strive to hide for shelter;
You'll stare from each shop window
On throngs of lovely ladies,
Till, jealous as a Hindoo,
You'll wish you were in Hades.

You'll go to balls and operas;
You'll whirl in giddy dances,
And sit up stiff and proper as
The dames in old romances.

You'll perch on ladies' fingers,
And flash among their laces
Till scarce a vestige lingers
Of all your rural graces.

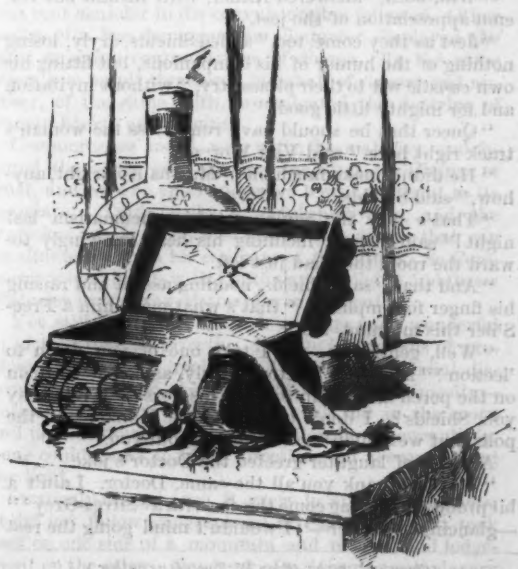
And tired of city pleasure,
For green fields you'll be sighing,
Where life affords some leisure
'Twixt natal day and dying;
Where hearts wear all the graces,
And winds go straying over
The old familiar faces
And sweet young heads of clover.

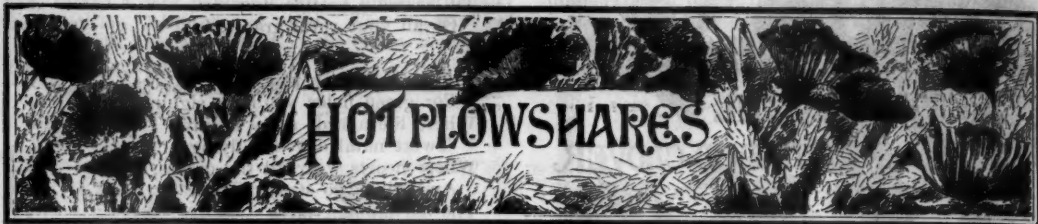
"East, West—home's best," though trysting
Be kept in lowliest cottage,
And love makes royal feasting
Of e'en a mess of pottage.
Ah me! I've long been pining
To see the dear old smithy
With ruddy forge-fire shining,
Remembered still, though mythy.

And now, I feel with rapture,
From home no more I'm banished;
I scarce regret your capture—
Your rural pleasure vanished.
For, with your happy coming
I make my happier parting.
Thanks, thanks, sweet friend, this gloaming
Shall see my hasty starting.

Good-bye, sweet friend, and bless you;
Ere home my way I'm wending
Let me once more caress you;
The darkest night has ending.
Just think, when things look stormy,
Poor little four-leaved clover,
"The horse-shoe reigned before me;
My reign will soon be over."

C. M. ST. DENYS.





By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eaz," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

"A DEFEATED JOY."

THE neighbors followed Hargrove out of the house and stood peering at the bright sunshine from the little side porch, while the master of Sturmhold hastily stripped the robes from his horses, unhitched them from the post, and, with sharp, stern words of command, started them upon their homeward way. The noon sunshine was undoing the night's work with wonderful rapidity. Bright streams trickled from the eaves of every building. The softened snow slipped from the bowed branches of the trees, which leaped up to their proper places with sharp sighs of relief from their burdens. Avalanches swept down the sloping roofs. The beaten paths yielded beneath the feet as if a sea were hidden under the dripping whiteness that overspread the earth. Boreas declined the gage of battle and left his chariot to be melted by the wrath of the conqueror.

"Going fast," said Ritner, looking at the sun and the torrents pouring from the eaves.

"Which?" asked Van Wormer, glancing roguishly from the eave spouts to Hargrove, then just stepping into his sleigh.

"Wal, both," answered Ritner, with instant but solemn appreciation of the jest.

"Jest as they come, too," added Shields, dryly, losing nothing of the humor of his companions, but fitting his own caustic wit to their pleasantry, "without invitation and for mighty little good."

"Queer that he should have run across the woman's track right here," said Van Wormer.

"He didn't make much off o' Martha Kortright, anyhow," said Shields.

"That's how the Squire got his rheumatism last night!" said Ritner, inclining his head knowingly toward the room they had just left.

"And that," said Shields, nodding assent and raising his finger for emphasis, "that's what made him a Free-S'iler this morning, too."

"Well, gentlemen, can I take one of you down to 'lection?" asked the Doctor, briskly, as he passed them on the porch and began to untie his horse. "What say you, Shields? I don't often take a 'Hunker' to the polls, but we couldn't get along without you."

A ripple of laughter greeted the Doctor's joke.

"Wal, no, thank you all the same, Doctor. I ain't a bit proud, an' having come this far with a 'Silver-Grey'—glancing at Ritner—"I wouldn't mind going the rest

of the way with a 'Woolly Head;' but I bleeve I won't vote to-day. I ain't sure but Squire Kortright is about right. Anyhow, I'll pair off with him this time, an' try an' make up my mind 'bout some things that I ain't exactly sartain of now afore 'lection time comes 'round agin."

"So you're going to let the country go to destruction without trying to stop it," said the Doctor, as he settled himself in his cutter and took up the reins.

"Wal, yes," answered Shields, deprecatingly. "I know I ain't doin' right, an' it's my fault, too, but the fact is, I don't exactly know what I ought to do. I'm at a standstill an' can't determine whether I ought to be for the woman that run away in the snow or for the man that followed after in the sleigh."

"That's my idea exactly," echoed Ritner warmly, "and that's about all there is in our politics when you git to the bottom on't, too," he continued meditatively, "though everybody keeps swearin' that politics hain't nothing to do with Slavery or Freedom."

"Good Heavens, Doctor," said Van Wormer, "did you ever see such a nest of Abolitionists?"

"Well," said the Doctor, cutting the snow with his whip as he spoke, "I'm in about the same predicament; but I've made up my mind to run betwixt and between, as we have to do sometimes when we can't exactly make out what's the matter with a patient. There ain't no chance of the Free Soil party winning *this* time, and yet it seems to me to be bottomed on the right idea. So I believe I'll give them a vote this once, just to encourage them."

"It amounts to jest the same thing," answered Shields. "We both own up that we don't know the river, as we used to say in raftin', an' so we give up the steerin' oar to them that thinks they do."

"That's so," said the Doctor, tightening his reins. "Well, won't either of you go?" looking at Van Wormer as he spoke.

"Well, no," said the younger man, "I believe not. I guess I'll go home with these two 'Barnburners' and introduce them to their families. They've changed so since they started out that nobody there would recognize them."

The Doctor drove off with a laugh, while the others walked homewards over the soft and splashing road-way they had helped to make a few hours before, more thoughtful if not wiser men.

As Kortright had predicted, the vote that day was an unusually heavy one, though the storm had extended into several States, and when the boxes were closed as

the sun went down, "the man that fit the Mexicans" had been "made" President of the Republic. For the first time in the history of the nation the lines between Slavery and Freedom had been sharply drawn, and Liberty had achieved its first victory, though its advocates but little understood the significance of that day's work, and did not realize until many a day had passed that a defeat which mocked them with apparent hopelessness was but the shadow of coming victory.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLUE TO THE LABYRINTH.

THE sixteenth Presidential election was really a turning point in American history. For the first time, the Anti-Slavery sentiment then became an actual power in American politics. The growth of this principle and the conflict between the two opposing claims of right—the right of the Master to hold and the right of the Slave to be free—must long remain the most interesting phase of our history, as for more than a generation it was the most absorbing question of our national life. So deftly was the ebb and flow of this mighty thought concealed beneath the waves which the gusts of party passion stirred upon the surface, that many of the most prominent actors in our destiny little dreamed that they were borne on to victory by its power or drawn down to oblivion by its undertow.

It has been too much the custom to regard this great conflict of ideas as simply a series of partisan successes and defeats. In truth, no great principle ever gained a foothold in the polity of a republic so independently of all party influence and favor in its growth and development as the movement in the United States for the abolition of slavery. For many years it was outside of all parties, yet underneath every political organization. It had few professed advocates; yet it colored with its intensity every public life. Long before it had become a recognized political power in the nation, it had entered the pulpit, the home, the school, and had stimulated thought to a point never before paralleled in history. The struggle it inaugurated was pre-eminently a conflict of ideas, and the field on which it was fought covered almost the entire domain of human knowledge. Every physical scientist, from Agassiz down to the half-taught quack of the country cross-roads, had an opinion by which he was ready to stand or fall as to the comparative capacity of the African and Caucasian races. In defense of his special theory was always arrayed his professional pride and not seldom his professional spite.

The archæologist exhausted the lore of history, tradition and scientific guesswork to prove or disprove the negro's capacity for self-direction and self-control. The political economist faced his fellow scientist in the struggle to show that Cotton was King, and that the king could only be made regnant by the slave's labor. The theologians hurled tomes of learning at each other's heads, proving and disproving more doctrine from Scripture than the most inspired of the prophets had ever forecasted.

Its growth was not only extra-political, but it grew in spite of parties. It is probable that when the first petition in regard to slavery was presented in the House of Representatives, the number of people who were distinctly opposed to it—who actually regarded it as a wrong toward the slave—was very insignificant. It has been said that there were five thousand such in the State of Massachusetts, but it is doubtful if there were that number in the whole nation. There were many

who believed it an evil to the white race, and others who thought it only a choice of evils, but the number who actually regarded the negro as a man, entitled to all the rights and privileges attaching to white manhood, was excessively small during the last quarter of the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Both parties shunned the mighty problems it involved. Even the splendid powers of John Quincy Adams were sufficient only to make the right of petition an uncertain and dubious issue. The one party not only openly declared against the assailability of slavery, but in the main, insisted that it was the necessary and normal condition of a considerable portion of our population. To this party the Anti-Slavery movement was wrong in theory as well as in practice. On the other hand, the opposing party, while deprecating slavery as an evil, deprecated still more all movement looking toward its extinction. The one denounced the very existence of the movement; the other hesitatingly courted its support and thought its advocates unreasonable when they demanded more than bare toleration at its hands. The one actively proclaimed and advocated the rights of the slave-owners; the other mildly questioned the extent of them but stubbornly refused to recognize any right attaching to the slave. Each party fought the other manfully on most questions, but joined hands in putting down the heresy that a black skin ever afforded lodgement for inalienable right.

The South was "solid," even then. It had two parties, but only one political creed. Each party had a "Southern wing," and, so far as this question was concerned, they might have swapped "wings" and the difference hardly have been perceptible. Instead of being the creature of party, it was the *bête noire* of all parties. The one declared that such an idea was treasonable and dangerous; the other that it was impracticable and absurd. Between the two the choice was not great. The one favored slavery and the other would not advocate freedom.

A like anomaly presented itself in the church. One ecclesiastical body undertook to enforce the doctrine of its founder as a vital element of Christian faith, and was rent asunder in the convulsion that followed. Other bodies of a less homogeneous character displayed the most amazing contradictions of dogma. In the same town, one pulpit thundered in behalf of slavery and another, of the same faith, promulgated the doctrine of human liberty and equality.

Commerce, as usual, was with the majority, and favored the *status quo*. Cotton was King, on 'Change at least, and he who spun and wove bowed obedient to its mandate. Trade seeks peaceful highways, and the trafficker avoids every element of uncertainty that can be eliminated from his estimate of the future. So Commerce joined hands with Politics and Religion and threw obstacles in the way of the new movement.

Yet still it grew. There is nothing more wonderful in history than its growth. Despite its burdens of predicted disaster, of irreligious tone, of commercial distrust, of scientific absurdity, of political animosity—despite all this, it grew like the oak hid in the acorn and pressed down by the rock—silently, imperceptibly, none could guess in what direction, but always toward the light.

Strangely enough, too, it grew in streaks and spots. It did not follow geographical or State lines. It took root on one side of a mountain and never found lodgement on the other. One bank of a river was anti-slavery in sentiment, while that a bowshot away was bitterly

hostile to the last. One end of a street was for and the other against the dogma. So, too, one could judge nothing from the antecedents of parties in regard to their course upon this question. The New England Brahmin and the nameless shoemaker's son struck hands in advocacy of the doctrine. Here would be found a community devoutly in earnest in the battle for liberty, while all around it sneered at the notion of right attaching to ebony-hued humanity. The most trivial incident turned men who carried with them whole communities. A traveler by chance saw an assemblage of men and women refused admission to a public hall, because they proposed to discuss the doctrine of human liberty. He offered them his house as a refuge of free thought, rode all night to prepare for their coming, and from that day the voice and pen of Garret Smith rested not until slavery was no more.

Its early advocates were men and women of profound convictions. The opprobrium attaching to the name of Abolitionist had no charm for the demagogue. The man who declared his adhesion to the odious dogma must needs have the courage of his convictions. Even the South, which honestly and naturally regarded this movement with hate and horror, could not but admit its sincerity. They accounted it fanaticism—cruel, harsh fanaticism—but they could attribute no selfish or unworthy motives to its advocates. The only approach to such imputation was the frequent claim that fanaticism was fanned by envy—that the ease and abundance of the South stirred the envious hate of the half-starved New Englander. But this was the raving of ignorance. The truth is, that upon no public question in the world's history have a whole people ever been so intensely sincere in their convictions. Upon no other hypothesis can the intellectual phenomena of that day be explained. Of course, both sides misunderstood and misappreciated each other. The Anti-Slavery leaders thought, spoke and wrote; were beaten, incarcerated and maligned, until they could not conceive that those who advocated the preservation and continuance of an evil that grew blacker with every ray of light thrown upon its real character, could be moved by other than base and selfish considerations. The slaveholder, on the other hand, who looked upon slavery as upon any other incident of his accustomed life, regarding it as an institution not altogether perfect and in all respects admirable, but infinitely superior to any condition of society likely to be formed of the same elements, considered the mere agitation of the question as an unlawful infringement of his sacred right of private property. To his mind, the nation was a simple confederation which he had entered clothed with certain powers, among which was the right to control and manage his own property in such manner as he chose. This was in his eyes a guaranty which all the land had pledged its honor and power to sustain. That the slave had a right that might conflict with his he did not dream. His father and his father's father back to the dawn of history had held slaves or been slaves. He was right, too. The weight of authority was with him. Leaving aside the New Testament, the literature of personal liberty was very light when Garrison dipped his pen in fire for its advocacy. Even in this, the lesson of comfort given to the poor "doulos" was, by interpretation, made to outweigh the vision of the "common and unclean" that came to Peter, the declaration of Paul that the Christian idea recognized neither "bond nor free," and the whole lesson of the Master's life. The whole doctrine was an innovation. One little island, in its re-

bound from the pains of foreign thralldom, had given to its soil the magic power to dissolve the fetters of the slave by instant contact. But even her dependencies were yet ruled by the lash, and the slaves' labor yet filled the coffers of her merchant princes. Aye, it was from her that he had received his heritage of bondsmen and the right to hold and use them as he chose. Confirmed by generations, extending over one-third of the Republic, and affecting, not only every one who owned a slave but every one who dwelt within the zone where the African race constituted a considerable proportion of the population, it is not to be wondered at that all efforts to change this established relation or interfere with the right confirmed by a prescription which might well defy the law's severest test, were regarded as incendiary and, lacking a selfish motive in their promoters, were thought to be inspired by a fanaticism "moved and instigated by the Devil."

There are some phases of this struggle for which it is almost impossible to account. Among these was the intensity of the odium attaching to the advocacy of anti-slavery principles at the North. There was no personal interest to excuse or justify this. The mere *vis inertia* of the public mind, which is of course opposed to change, is not sufficient to account for its rancor. To be an "Abolitionist" was to be regarded with distrust in almost all localities, with clearly-expressed disfavor in a majority of cases and with absolute hostility in not a few. Men and women were mobbed in quiet country towns hundreds of miles away from the northern verge of slave territory, for simply avowing the belief that slavery was an unrighteous and an evil thing and should be abolished at the earliest possible moment. This was done, too, by quiet, earnest, moral people, who would have looked with horror upon the denial of the right of private opinion on any other subject.

As the struggle grew more general it became also more bitter. The feeling in its favor grew stronger year by year, its adversaries more numerous and the war of words more universal. Despite the protests and clamor of parties, the question began to color all political controversy. Without ever having been distinctly recognized, it was the underlying motive of almost every political act. The growing army of Abolitionists was made up of men whose convictions made them valuable allies and dangerous enemies. They had little regard for party lines and still less for party platforms. Their one idea swallowed up all others. To this they subordinated all other political considerations. Whatever moved the wheels of progress toward the goal of liberty by even a hair's breadth, that they favored. Whatever stood in the way of the accomplishment of their one desire, that they hated and opposed.

So it was that they formed strange alliances. In one State they aided the Whigs and in another the Democrats; but, whatever the specific result, in all cases they gained something by the continuous discussion of the question which controlled their action. As a rule, the Whigs were supposed to lean toward the party of liberty and the Democrats to incline themselves toward the supporters of slavery. The official utterances of the former were intended to conciliate the Free-Soil element without offending any more than was unavoidable the proslavery wing of the party. The latter sought to achieve success by conciliating the Slave Power, as it was then called, and stigmatizing in the severest terms the Abolitionists. Yet in its early struggles the Anti-Slavery movement was very largely reinforced from Democratic ranks, and perhaps the greater number of its political leaders came originally from that party.

The great leaders of it as a moral and intellectual movement—those who planned its campaigns among the people and fought its battles in the forum of conscience—belonged to no party. To them individual liberty and its proper guarantees were above all things in importance. They had no other aim, no ulterior purpose. They rightly named themselves in their first party convention—a weak and beggarly affair so far as numbers or great names were concerned—the Liberty Party. One great thought absorbed them. Outside of this they were nothing. Already their names are falling into obscurity. Their work accomplished, the world has no more use for them. They are the worn instruments

which the Master Workman lays aside when they have served His purpose.

To the whole land, however, this struggle was the great impulse to thought. No mind could slumber in the fever heat it brought. Every soul was wrought up to its best and brightest in assault or defense. There was no middle ground. Those who stood by and faltered were ground to powder. The greatest was as the least before the onward sweeping avalanche. One moment's hesitation, and the greatest of leaders was trampled in the mire. One moment's inspiration, and a pigmy was thrust over the heads of all into the leader's place. Men were nothing—the one great thought was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCIETY AT WATERING-PLACES.

If there is one current expression more intrinsically vulgar than another, it is to talk of "making a show," when *not* to make a show, *not* to be conspicuous, *not* to draw special attention to ourselves, is the very essence of good breeding. Dr. Johnson found that woman well-dressed whose clothes he could not remember. How the old bear would have growled over some of the watering-place toilets of to-day. Not that one would object to a certain bright and festal aspect, which belongs to the place and the time, as roses belong to the summer. But to strive to outshine one's neighbors, or to dress for a watering-place hotel as if it were the Queen's Drawing-room, is the height of vulgarity.

As the newsboy said, "You pays your money, and you takes your choice." You can be lonely and happy and free from care at some quiet haunt in the country, or at the seaside; or you can pack your Saratoga trunks and go on, through the heats of July and August, with all the social excitements and fatigues of the winter. If you go to the quiet place, the formalities of etiquette may be left behind; but mother nature, with her self-possession and reserve, will teach you good breeding. Nature brings up her maiden well.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fall to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

But if, to this high breeding of mother nature—these charms which Wordsworth sings—you prefer the frivolities of society and the Saratoga trunks, then will I whisper in your sea-shell ears a caution, "All is not gold that glitters." Watering places have more than once proved full of danger to the unsuspecting. The greatest care is necessary to maintain, at the same time, that cordiality of demeanor that belongs to the place and the manner of life there, and yet to preserve intact the delicacy of personal reserve, and to keep undesirable acquaintances at a dignified distance.

By undesirable acquaintances, believe me, I do not

mean those whose Saratoga trunks are not full, and whose only carriage is the watering-place omnibus. I have seen governesses just hovering on the outskirts of the fashionable society into which they had been brought for other people's convenience—to play accompaniments for willful rosebuds or watch over wayward children—who seemed to me far better worth knowing and more interesting than were their employers. Neither are quiet little ladies, or shy men, who have gone to look on at the gay pageant, among the dangerous and detrimental. But a watering place is the natural haunt of the human shark, seeking whom he may devour. Counts who are no counts go there—peers whose pedigree is a fiction—women whose reputations are as much of the past as are their complexions, and who are making a last struggle for social life. To guard against these—to distinguish paste from diamonds, false from true, requires some social experience; and a young girl cannot be too careful whose acquaintance she makes; nor can her natural guardians watch over her too zealously.

On the other hand, it is in bad taste to withhold one's self from the common life of a watering-place. If you go there at all, it should be to contribute your quota to the general fund of entertainment. It is churlish to refuse to sing if you have a nightingale in your throat, or to decline to dance, or to convey any impression of holding yourself apart from those around you. And even in the very haunts of fashion and frivolity there is room for all sorts of feminine sweetness.

I have known one woman of pure mind and kindly heart and fine breeding change the whole atmosphere of a summer hotel into something higher and finer by her very presence. She it was who organized private theatricals, who suggested impromptu dances and *tableaux*, who checked gossip by the charity of her judgments, and raised the tone of conversation by herself talking of worthy themes. And in the midst of all this busy promoting of other people's happiness, she found hours of every day in which to live her own life, to read her favorite books and to write her letters.

If any one was ill, from her came kind inquiries and pleasant little attentions. She could have dazzled by the brilliancy of her conversation, but she chose, instead, to bring out the best powers of others. If popularity had been her object she certainly attained it, for she was the one person whom all united to praise; but not for that had she striven. The grace and charm

which pervaded her life struck their roots deeper than any desire to *please*. They came from a wish to *give pleasure*, which is quite another thing.

At a watering-place, a lady who is to the manner born will avoid dressing conspicuously. Low-necked dresses or necks and arms veiled only by the thinnest material are not in good taste where one is surrounded by strangers. It has been said that no nation so delights to live in public as the American; but if this is true, there may yet exist, while living publicly, a certain avoidance of personal display. To dress too youthfully is a bad thing anywhere, but it is especially unwise thus to provoke the satirical comments of the crowd at a summer resort. That French writer understood his world who, in giving a chapter of advice to women who wish to charm, exhorted them to let their faces be younger than their toilets.

"Why will she twine her wintry curls in such a spring-like way?" asked Dr. Holmes in writing of his dear unmarried aunt; and, alas, it is a question that comes to our lips only too often. The woman who would be charming must study her own defects as carefully as her advantages, since, if she ignores them, other people are only too sure to remember.

The etiquette of watering-places is not ceremonious. Introductions are more easily obtained than elsewhere, and one makes acquaintances on piazzas and in dining-rooms without even the ceremony of a presentation; but this free-and-easy acquaintanceship should have its limits. If a girl dances in a hotel ball-room with a man of whom she really knows nothing, except that he appears like a gentleman, she should not drive or walk with any one about whom she is not thoroughly informed. Married ladies, fortified by the dignity of their position, can form acquaintances with a freedom that should never be permitted to the rosebuds. A young girl's reserve is one of her deepest charms. She should have something of the sensitive plant about her by nature, and, unless she has been brought up in a bad school, there is no danger of her forming intimacies too easily.

The *juste milieu* is especially the law of the watering-place, and she who would go through this social ordeal with credit must be as careful to maintain her own essential dignity as she is not to hurt other people's self-love, and so cast a gloom on the general festivity by any haughty withdrawal of herself from the stir and life going on about her.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

It now becomes our duty to follow for a time the fortunes of Mr. Thomas Bendibow. This honest and prosperous young gentleman, had he been as familiar with the text of Shakspeare as he was with those of some other dramatic authors, might have compared his plight to that of Prince Hamlet, when the noble Dane was in a state of collapse at the scene of domestic revolution which followed so hard upon his father's decease. Though never exceptionally dutiful in his filial relations, he had a genuine fondness for the author of his being, and allowed no liberties to be taken with his name and character by any one beside himself. But since the reception at the house of the Marquise Desmoines, and the conversation that he had overheard there, his mental attitude had undergone a dolorous transformation. Whatever his other failings, Tom had always possessed the honesty and fearless candor that belonged to his idea of a gentleman, and had never thought of questioning his father's proficiency in the same virtues. Even now he could not bring himself fully to adopt the inferences that obtruded themselves upon him. Further information might modify the aspect of the case. Nevertheless, an uncertainty as to whether the modification would be for the better or for the worse, hindered the young gentleman from putting it to the test. Moreover, he recoiled, when it came to the point, from directly questioning his father on a subject involving the latter's honor. The degradation of such a situation would be mutual. Therefore poor Tom nursed his despondency in secret; when all at once it occurred to him, as an illumination from on high, to seek sympathy and perchance enlightenment from the Marquise. He did not give this inspiration time to cool, but acted upon it at

once. With his ostensible purpose in visiting her may have mingled another, not the less dear because not openly avowed; and which we, as well as he, may leave to its own development. So, at about the hour when Merton Fillmore and Mr. Grant were having their interview in the lawyer's office, Thomas Bendibow, Esquire, caused himself to be announced at Madame Desmoines'.

Perdita was in a delightful humor. She had, indeed, a singularly even and cheerful temper, the result of an habitually good digestion and a general sense of the adequacy of her means to her ends. Yet she, too, had her moments of especial loveliness, and this was one of them. She was sitting in a chair by the window, with her hair drawn up on the top of her head, and arranged in flat curls on her forehead. She wore a thin, black silk gown, charmingly disposed about the throat and shoulders; a book lay open on her lap, and in her white hands she idly held a piece of embroidery, on which she might be supposed to be at work, though in reality she had taken hardly a dozen stitches in it that afternoon. She was languorous and dreamy.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, stretching her arms above her head, and parting her smiling lips in a pretty yawn. "How pleasant to see you. Poor boy, my pleasure is your pain."

"Eh? Why do you say that?" he demanded, stopping midway in the ceremonious obeisance he was making.

"Your face told me. So pale and sorrowful! Poor child, what is it?"

"I am not a child, Madame Desmoines," said Tom with dignity.

"You are not civil, sir."

"Not civil—to you!"

"It is not civil to remind a lady of her age. I like to remember the time when you and I were children together, Tom, and to forget the years since then."

"Oh, to be sure! I didn't look at it in that way; and I hope you'll forgive me," said the youth repentantly. "I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, Perdita; upon my soul, now, I wouldn't! But about my being a child, you know—in a certain way I shouldn't mind—for your sake, I mean, so that you needn't imagine you're any older. But in another way—as a matter of fact—of course I can't help being a man, and feeling it. And in that way I'd like you to feel it, too; because what I feel for you isn't at all what a child would feel; and . . . I hope you understand me!"

"There's a great deal of feeling in what you say," responded the Marquise, with innocent gravity, "but I'm not sure I know what the feeling is about. Is it about yourself?"

"I don't believe there's a fellow alive who could feel anything about himself when he's with you: that is, except to feel that he felt . . . you might feel . . ."

"There! see how mysterious you are. I'm afraid you're chaffing me!" put in the lady, delivering Tom a glance that might have upset an ascetic of seventy.

"Oh, this is too bad, and I can't stand it!" cried Mr. Bendibow with a groan. Then he burst out: "'Tis you I feel about, Perdita! and I don't care who knows it! I've met lots of women in my life, and—all that sort of thing; but never a woman like you, and I don't believe there is another like you in the whole world. And if you'd only . . . look here! Can't you feel that way for me? Oh, do!"

"Oh! Tom, is it really about me?" cried the lovely Marquise, in the tenderest warble of a voice. She folded her hands in her lap and gazed at him with hesitating wonder, as if, in the first place, she had that instant realized the fact that such a person as herself existed; and secondly, was struggling to comprehend so incredible a circumstance as that another person should exist who could regard her otherwise than with indifference. Miranda upon Setebos would have seemed a sophisticated woman of the world beside the Marquise Desmoines at that moment.

Having allowed this shaft time to rankle, she proceeded. "But why do you ask me whether I feel for you? You know I love you, Tom. Have I ever disguised it?"

"You love me? O Perdita!" cried the gentleman, fairly breaking into a giggle of unanticipated bliss.

"Why, who could help loving you?"

Tom suddenly became grave, with a momentary misgiving. "But you understand I mean marrying," said he; "husband and wife, you know!"

She replied with a smile of radiant sympathy, "Ah! well, now I do understand you. You mean to marry, and you are come to tell me all about it! Sit down here beside me and begin. Is she worthy of you, Tom? But first, tell me her name!"

"Her name?" faltered Mr. Bendibow. "Why, it's—you!"

"See how stupid I am!" exclaimed the Marquise, laughing with an air of perplexity. "I meant to ask you what is the name of the lady you intend to marry?"

"Don't I tell you 'tis you? Who else, since we both love—"

The Marquise threw up her hand; her eyes flashed: there was an instant's dead silence. Then she said in a low voice of mingled amazement and indignation, "You, Thomas Bendibow, marry me!" And she added, with a tragic tone and gesture, "You trifle with me, sir!"

"Pon my soul, Perdita," asseverated the wretched Thomas, quaking at he knew not what, "I never was further from trifling in my life. I mean an honest thing, and I mean it with all my heart. And I can't think what you're so angry—"

"You have shocked me, Tom—and grieved me! I can't tell you what you've made me suffer. You—my brother—to betray your sister's confidence and twist her words like that! I shall never trust another man as long as I live—no, never!"

"But I never thought . . . and besides, you're not my sister at all!" stammered Tom, from pale becoming very red. You know that my father is no more yours than—I am; nor my mother neither! But if you don't want to have me, you should put it on some fairer ground than that. I offered you the most a man can give a woman; and I'm in right dead earnest, too!"

The Marquise, having played out her little comedy to her satisfaction, was now ready to deal with her victim on a less fanciful basis.

"Sit down here, Tom," she said, "and look at me, my dear. Yes, I am a beautiful woman; and I am wise: at least ten times as wise as you will ever be. And I've seen the world—the great world; and . . . I'm a widow! All the finest gentlemen in Europe have made love to me. I knew you'd fancy you'd lost your heart to me too; and for both our sakes I wished the affair over as soon as possible. You could no more be my husband, my dear, than you could wear the moon on your watch-chain. My husband—if I ever have another—will be a man wiser, stronger, and handsomer than I am: a man who can rule me with a word or a look: a king of men—and that's more than a king of nations. How near do you come to being such a man as that? You and I might go to church together, and a priest might pronounce the marriage service over us; but it would take more than a priest and a marriage service, Tom, to make you and me man and wife! The man who can be my husband will have no need of forms of law and religion to keep me safe; though we'd have those, too," she added with an odd smile, "because it's proper!"

Tom pulled up his stock ruefully, and strove to maintain as manly a bearing as possible. "I know I'm nothing very great," he said; "but loving a woman like you makes a fellow ever so much better, and more of a fellow than he was before. If it hadn't been for that, maybe I wouldn't have dared say anything. But if you won't have me, Perdita, I suppose . . . I shall have . . . to do without you! And I wish I'd never been born! I beg your pardon. I think I'd better go!"

"No; you must stay until you are happy," said Perdita, firmly, laying her hand on the youth's arm as he was about to rise. At her touch he subsided, helpless.

"There's something you'll enjoy better than being my husband," continued the Marquise, looking at him kindly, "and you'll have no rivals! I need a brother, Tom, much more, perhaps, than a husband. I want a friend; no woman can be my friend, and no man, unless you will. Don't you think it might be pleasant to be my friend? Would you rather be that or—nothing?"

"I don't know what I want if I can't have you. I'm awfully miserable. Look here—don't marry any other fellow! I could stand anything but that! Well, I'll see if I can be your friend. Better break my heart with you than away from you, I suppose. Only I won't have you call me your brother—that would be too desperate! Look here, do you know who your father is?"

"I know who he was."

"Well, he is still. He's back here. Don't you know?"

You talked with him long enough the other day. Didn't he tell you?"

Perdita lifted her head high and looked at him intently. "Who do you mean?" she demanded.

"Why, old Grant, to be sure! Grantley is his real name, and he is your father."

Perdita looked aside, with a thoughtful expression, and said, "He didn't tell me."

"Well, he is."

"Who told you so?"

"I heard my father and Fillmore saying it in the dining-room. That's what's been plaguing me ever since. I hoped you'd know about it. Because, if he's the thief and scoundrel, my father said, why isn't he arrested? Instead of that, father acts as if he was afraid of him. 'Tis as if father was the scoundrel and Grant the honest man. I'd ask father myself, only it wouldn't be decent."

"I see!" murmured Perdita, meditating. "But why did he not tell me? It may be an imposture. But he would have no motive for that. Besides, he couldn't impose on Sir Francis. Yes, it does seem strange. Let me think."

She leaned back in her chair, her eyes downcast, folding and unfolding the work in her lap. She had evidently forgotten all about Tom. That unfortunate youth sat staring at her with burning eyes. How little he cared about his father, or anything else, in comparison with her! And she would never be his. Tom suppressed a groan and felt the hollowness of life. He longed to do something extraordinary, frantic, heroic. Not to forget himself in dissipation—he loved her too truly for that, but to rise to the level of such a man as might worthily possess her. Since that happiness could never be his, to deserve it would be the next best thing. And, perhaps, after all, no achievement could be so arduous and heroic as to be her friend—her true and unselfish friend. Some day she should esteem him at his true value and thank him. She should be made to feel that he was not a child, and that he was something more than a brother. Hereupon Tom felt an aching in his throat, and two tears trickled down his face. He surreptitiously wiped them away.

"Will you do something for me, my dear?" asked Perdita, looking up.

Tom nodded, not wishing just then to trust his voice.

"This thing will have to be cleared up some day," she continued, "and it might as well be now. You can help me already, you see. I can do nothing without you. You shall be my friend and my confidant. If that man is my father I must see him again and find out . . . whatever he has to tell me."

"What shall you do when you find out?"

"Then we can consult together, since we are both interested."

"If there should be anything wrong about my father—"

"We will arrange to keep it secret. Mr. Grant—or whoever he is—cannot profit by any public revelation, and I'm sure I wish Sir Francis nothing but good. I should have preferred not to have the matter come up at all, and I told Mr. Grant as much; but I must know about it, since others do, and it must be settled definitely."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go to Mr. Grant and tell him . . . or stop! I'll write a note for you to take to him. You'll find him, I suppose, at the Lockharts' house in Hammersmith. Give the letter only into his own hands. Will you do that for me?"

"I wish I could die for you, Perdita," was his reply, with a lack of outward emphasis that made it impressive.

She glanced sidelong at him and drew in her breath with a half sigh. He was an honest fellow and he loved her truly. Perhaps she was sorry, for a moment, that she could not love him. For it is the pleasure of fate to turn the affairs of lovers topsy-turvy; and even so redoubtable a Marquise as Perdita might one day find herself discomfited in somewhat the same way that Tom was now. However, fate is fate and cannot be defeated.

She followed up her sigh with a smile. "I love myself too well," she said, "to send you on any deadly errand. Shall I write the note now?"

"Yes, if you'll be so kind. My mare needs exercise and I shall like to ride over to Hammersmith this evening. 'Tis not six o'clock yet."

So Perdita sat down and wrote her letter and gave it to Tom, and also gave him her hand to kiss. But he said, "Not yet, if you please; I couldn't kiss it the right way."

Perdita said nothing. But after her rejected suitor had departed with her letter stowed away in the breast of his coat, she looked in her glass and murmured, with a queer little laugh.

"Is that a blush I see?"

Tom marched home with a solemn and dignified air, and, having caused his mare to be saddled, he mounted her and set out toward Hammersmith, on the errand which, neither to him nor to Perdita, seemed to involve any deadly peril.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

You came to live near us
One bonnie spring day;
The next sunshiny morning—
A morning in May—
I heard you a-gardening
Over the way.

But between, like Fate's battlement,
Grim rose the wall,
And you were so little,
And I was not tall—
Should I shout? Would you answer?
What name could I call?

I hated the man
Who had built the wall there.
I climbed with the aid
Of a venerable chair—
A diminutive Romeo
Scaling your stair.

The ledge I laid over,
Ah, such a wee thing!
Like a restless white butterfly
Light on the wing;
Hair gold as the primrose
That blossomed in spring.

Your rake dropped, your sun-hat alighted
Off your bright head.
"Are you the boy next door?"
You solemnly said.
I nodded, aild o'er the wall,
Radiant and red.

Oh, my wife, in Life's garden
We linger to-day;
Many snows, many May-blooms
Have kissed gold to gray,
Since I wooed my wee neighbor
Over the way.

K. TEMPLE MORE.

MRS. WHITAKER'S DEAF EAR.

Mrs. WHITAKER was deaf in one ear. It was her right ear, and it was stone deaf.

Mrs. Whitaker had acquired a habit of sleeping upon her left side, with her deaf ear up, and this had often been a source of annoyance to her husband, who was nervous and irritable, while she was a woman whose calmness and serenity of disposition were remarkable.

Sleeping with her deaf ear up Mrs. Whitaker at night was rarely disturbed by noises which robbed her husband of his rest. The hum of the mosquitoes which maddened him was not heard by her. A passing thunder storm which roused him in a summer night and sent him flying about to close the windows would leave her in perfect unconsciousness of its existence. The noises in the street and the rattling of the window-sashes upon windy nights frequently filled Mr. Whitaker with vexation as they deprived him of sleep; but his wife slumbered sweetly on and heard them not. Indeed, it rarely happened that she heard the crying of the baby until Mr. Whitaker, indignant at its refusal to go to sleep, would rouse her by shaking her, and would ask her to try to soothe the little one.

Mr. Whitaker had often remonstrated with his wife about this habit of sleeping with her deaf ear up, and she had often replied good-humoredly with a promise to try to remember to break herself of it, but somehow or other it continued to cling to her.

One night in winter time Mr. Whitaker sat up in his library till a late hour reading a book in which he was very much interested. His wife retired early. Mr. Whitaker finally closed his book, and after locking the front door went down in the cellar, in accordance with his custom, to see if the furnace fire had been fixed properly for the night. While he was poking it a gust of wind came through the screen upon one of the cellar windows and slammed the door leading into the back hallway above, through which he had come. For a moment Mr. Whitaker did not think of the matter particularly, but suddenly he remembered that he had put a spring lock on the other side of that door, and the thought struck him that the catch might possibly be down. He ascended the stairs and tried the door. The catch was down; and he had no key. He was locked in the cellar, for the key of the out-cellar door he knew was in the kitchen.

He could hardly think what he had better do about the matter, but finally he concluded to try to make his wife hear him and come to his rescue. He seized the long and heavy furnace poker, and inserting the crook of it above the bell-wire that ran along the joist of the cellar ceiling he pulled. The bell jangled loudly, but it was in the kitchen and Mrs. Whitaker was in the front room in the second story. Would she hear it? He pulled the wire again, twice; then he sat down on the steps and waited. There was no response. It then flashed upon the mind of the imprisoned man that Mrs. Whitaker was probably sleeping with the deaf ear up.

This increased his growing irritation, and he pulled the bell-wire with the poker fifteen or twenty times.

"I could hear that a mile from here if I were deaf as a post!" he exclaimed as he threw the poker on the floor and took his seat again, with the bell still vibrating.

But Mrs. Whitaker did not hear the noise, for no sound of her coming reached the ears of her impatient and indignant husband.

He grew angrier every moment. He felt a sense of injustice. It seemed unkind, inhuman for his wife to be sleeping away calmly up stairs while he was locked up in the dismal recesses of the cellar.

"I'll make her hear me or I'll break something," he exclaimed, seizing the poker and hooking it upon the bell-wire. Then he pulled the wire with such furious energy

that he broke it, and the jangling of the bell died away into silence.

"It is little short of scandalous," said Mr. Whitaker in a rage. "I have spoken so often to Ellen about sleeping with her deaf ear up, that it looks like malice, deliberate fiendish malice when she persists in doing it."

What should he do next? He could not stay in the cellar all night, and he did not like to batter down the door with the poker. A happy thought! He went to the furnace and with the help of the hatchet from the kindling-wood pile he cut the tin flue which conveyed the heat up to Mrs. Whitaker's room. Certainly he could compel her to hear him now. He put his mouth to the broken flue and called "El-len—El-len!" Then he stopped and listened. He thought he could hear Ellen breathing softly in her sleep, but he was not certain. He called again more loudly, and then put his fingers in his mouth and whistled. "Probably I can wake the baby anyhow, and the baby will wake her," he said; but no response came down the flue. The baby seemed to be sleeping with almost supernatural soundness, and, manifestly, Mrs. Whitaker had her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker was almost beside himself with rage. "A woman," he said, "who would treat her husband in such a manner as this, is capable of anything. Either Ellen will stop sleeping with her deaf ear up or we will separate." A third time he applied his lips to the tin pipe and bawled into it until he was hoarse. He thought he heard his spouse walking across the floor, but when he called again there was no response, and he knew that he was mistaken.

The soul of Mr. Whitaker was filled with gloom. In his anger he indulged in sardonic humor. "I suppose she rather relishes having me down in the cellar here all night; it is a good joke! But let her take care! She may laugh upon the other side of her mouth before we are done with this business!" And he laughed a wild and bitter laugh.

Poor Mrs. Whitaker, sleeping sweetly up-stairs, in perfect unconsciousness, would have been deeply pained to learn how gravely her husband wronged her.

"I must get out of here somehow or other," said Mr. Whitaker. "The window is small, but I can crawl through it I reckon, if I try."

He unhooked the frame containing the wire screen which protected the window and pushed it outward. Then procuring a wash tub and climbing from it to the window sill he thrust his head out and dragged his body through. When he reached the front pavement his face was covered with cobwebs and his clothes with coal dust; but he exulted in the thought that he was a free man.

He took his dead-latch key from his pocket and was about to try to open the front door, when he remembered that he had locked the door and put up the chain bolt. There was no use trying to ring the bell. The wire was broken, and Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't hear the bell if the wire hadn't been broken. There was but one last hope of making her hear, and that was by throwing gravel stones against the window. Mr. Whitaker tried the experiment. The first handful produced no effect. The sleeper did not hear it. Neither did she hear the second handful, nor the third, nor the tenth, which was dashed against the glass with such violence that Mr. Whitaker expected to see it shivered to fragments.

Mr. Whitaker was at his wit's end. There was a faint light burning in the room, and as he looked up at it and thought of his wife slumbering quietly on while he was in such great trouble, his wrath grew so fierce that he felt capable of doing something really terrible. But what should he do? The poor lady was as much beyond his reach, for the time, as if she had been in China. He thought for a

moment of trying to borrow a ladder; but where could he get a ladder in the middle of the night? No; as his sense of personal injury deepened he more and more firmly resolved that he would punish Ellen somehow or other for her indifference. As he could not obtain admission to his own house, why should he not fly? Why should he not go off somewhere and give his wife something to worry over in repayment for all the wrong she had inflicted upon him by persisting, against his earnest and repeated remonstrance, in sleeping with her deaf ear up?

Mr. Whitaker turned passionately away from the house and walked rapidly down the street. He had no particular destination in his mind, but he hurried along with a vague notion that he might perhaps go to a hotel when he felt calmer. In a few moments he came to the railroad *dépot* not far from his dwelling. It was brilliantly lighted, and as he looked at it he remembered that a train started for New York at midnight. He walked into the waiting room. The minute hand on the huge marble clock indicated three or four minutes of twelve. Mr. Whitaker rushed up to the ticket office and bought a ticket for New York. Then he hurried into the car and took a seat. He had upon his head his velvet smoking-cap, so that his appearance did not excite remark. Presently the train started, and Mr. Whitaker actually felt a kind of malicious joy as he thought he would soon be far away from his wife.

It was a slow train, and he had plenty of time to think, and as he thought his passion began to cool, and the conviction began to press in upon him that he had been behaving very foolishly. How absurd it was to blame poor Ellen because he had locked himself in the cellar! He pictured her lying by the side of the baby, calm in the belief that he was still sitting in the library. This recalled to his mind her deaf ear and her fondness for sleeping with it up. Then he had a revulsion of feeling and he began to grow angry again. But this was a mere flash. Steadily he advanced toward a more reasonable view of the situation, and as he did so he concluded that it would be a great act of folly to go all the way to New York. He asked the conductor the name of the next station. It was Bristol. He made up his mind to get out there and to go home early in the morning. He really felt badly to think how much alarmed and distressed his wife would be when she discovered his absence.

When he stepped from the train at Bristol rain was falling quite rapidly, and one feeble light in front of the station shone through the deep darkness. Mr. Whitaker inquired of the man upon the platform the way to a hotel, and then he started to go to it. In descending the wet and slippery steps of the platform he lost his footing and fell. He was very much hurt and found that he could not rise. He called for help, and when the railroad man—the only man who was anywhere about—came to him, he discovered that further assistance would be required, for Mr. Whitaker's leg was broken.

The man soon brought three other men, and placing the hurt man upon a board they carried him to the hotel and sent for a doctor.

If Mr. Whitaker, sitting in the car, had thought himself a very foolish man, what did Mr. Whitaker, lying far away from home in a wretched hotel, with his leg broken, think of himself? Mr. Whitaker thought that if there was a colossal idiot on this earth, he was that personage.

Early in the morning he sent a telegram to his wife, urging her to come to him at once, and right speedily came a reply from her, saying that she would take the train which ordinarily reached Bristol at nine o'clock.

From the window of his bedroom in the hotel the invalid could see the station and the railroad, and as he watched them, while he longed for the train to come, he tried to arrange in his mind, for his wife, an explanation of his conduct which would present it in the best possible light.

Senseless anger is one of the things that defies justifica-

tion, and a man's very sense that his wife's love makes her capacity for forgiveness almost illimitable only tends to deepen his shame when he is conscious of having wronged her.

Mr. Whitaker resolved, after thinking the matter over, that the best thing to do would be frankly to confess his fault and to throw himself upon his wife's mercy.

He heard the whistle which announced the approach of the nine o'clock train. The train came in view and drew up at the station. Mr. Whitaker looked eagerly at the persons who got out of the cars, but Ellen was not among them. She had not come. He fell back upon the bed with a sigh and began again to grow angry with her.

But the poor woman was on that train. Alarmed by the discovery when she rose in the morning that Mr. Whitaker was not in the house, her alarm was increased when she received the telegram sent by him. What could be the explanation of the mystery of his disappearance? She was so agitated that she could hardly prepare for the journey. But she reached the depot and got into the car, and began to move toward Bristol. Somewhat weary from too great nervous excitement, she placed her muff against the frame of the car window and rested her head upon it, while her veil covered her closed eyes. Unhappily she had arranged herself with her deaf ear up, and so she did not hear the conductor when he shouted "Bristol!" and she was so deeply absorbed in thinking of Mr. Whitaker that she did not notice that the train had stopped.

When he found that his wife had not come, Mr. Whitaker made up his mind to go home at all hazards. A steamboat stopped at the wharf at half-past nine, on its way to the city; and borne upon a litter he had himself carried on board. In an hour he was at the city wharf, whence a wagon carried him to his house. He was shocked and disappointed to ascertain from the servant that Mrs. Whitaker had gone to see him in the train in which she said she would go. He could not comprehend why she had missed him; and all day long he lay in bed worrying about her and wondering why she did not come.

Mrs. Whitaker got back to Bristol about noon, and ascertained by inquiry that her husband had returned, with a broken leg, to the city. There was no train that she could take until four o'clock, and she spent the interval in inquiring about the accident to Mr. Whitaker and in trying vainly to ascertain the reason of his extraordinary conduct.

About half-past five o'clock he heard her voice in the lower entry. He listened eagerly to her quick footsteps upon the stairs. Then she flung the door open. Mrs. Whitaker did not speak as she entered the room. She uttered a little cry, flew to the bedside, and put her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him.

Mr. Whitaker felt that if he should have exact justice dealt to him he would be sent to the scaffold.

When she had nearly smothered him with kisses she sat down beside him, and taking hold of his hand said:

"And now, dearest, tell me what caused all this strange trouble?"

"Why, you know, Ellen," said Mr. Whitaker, "it was your deaf ear!"

"How do you mean?"

"You slept with it up."

And then Mr. Whitaker related the whole story, and as he did so his wife began to cry.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I will promise you never to sleep with my deaf ear up again; never, never, never!"

"Ellen," responded Mr. Whitaker, "you will do me a favor if you will always sleep with it up and stuff cotton in your other ear beside! I have behaved like a wretch."

Then the doctor, who had been vainly pulling at the broken bell-wire, knocked upon the front door and came in to examine Mr. Whitaker's fractured leg.

CHAS. HEBER CLARK.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

At the Gate of the East.

WHATEVER may be the result of the war in Egypt, two things would seem to be certain: the Gladstone Government will have a new lease of life, and Western civilization acquire a new foothold in the Orient. The promptness and firmness with which the issue was accepted and the risk of war with numberless possible foreign complications assumed, while the Irish question was yet unsettled and the charge of vacillation and weakness yet pending against the ministry, must be regarded as a master-stroke, in which the wisdom of the present Premier and the picturesque genius of his predecessor are very happily blended.

No possible drama of modern times has been placed upon the boards with so little apparent preparation. There was a murmur of disaffection; there were overtures between France and England; a council of Great Powers at Constantinople; the air was charged with thunder; a few Christians were slaughtered; France was blamed for lethargy, England for inaction; a few iron-clads were put into commission, a few regiments ordered to be ready for foreign service. But still no one dreamed that England would part company with the paltering powers of the Continent, and herself assume the responsibility of disturbing the peace of Europe. Everybody thought that something would be done, some time. Arabi's bold game was too evidently an appeal to barbarism to pass unheeded by the commercial Christian powers, who were interested in the great highway of traffic that links the waters of two seas and dedicates the sands of Egypt to the service of the world. The East and the West were face to face; the one importunate, with the peaceful demand of to-day's new life, the other glaring and swollen with the hatred of dead centuries; the one anxious for compromise, willing to give much but forbidden by the busy world that stood behind to yield all that the other demanded. There was quiet diplomacy, anxious concession, but hardly a hint of threat, until the guns of the *Invincible* dropped their shells within the parapets of Ras-el-Tin, and the Cross confronted the Crescent at Alexandria.

Then Europe awoke with surprise to the fact that England, instead of merely taking the lead, had undertaken the work alone. Mr. Gladstone's caution, his well known antipathy to foreign complications, and his general aversion to all warlike demonstrations, had led the world to believe that the veteran statesman lacked the vigor to strike such a blow as has fallen upon Egypt. It was supposed by all that the situation of Ireland would make him peculiarly reluctant to undertake a foreign war. The fact that hostilities were actually begun seems almost to have paralyzed English thought. The audacity of this momentous undertaking has made the enemies of Gladstone forget to criticise, while his friends are yet afraid to applaud. The Irish question, which but yesterday was the *bête noire* of the government, is to-day forgotten. As a political movement, it is almost certain to put a united nation at the back of the ministry.

And in Egypt—what? Either a Holy War or a patched-up peace—the Porte and Arabi Bey against England, or the Khedive and a Protectorate. If a Holy War, as is threatened, then France, because of her African possessions, must co-operate with England, and it would seem difficult for Italy to find reasonable grounds to intervene. Under ordinary circumstances, Russia might seek to take advantage of Mohammedan disturbances in India—but Skobelev is dead, and the Tsar dare not leave his bomb-proof palace. If it is to be war, it will be English Light against Oriental Darkness—the Living New against the

Dying Old. The struggle may be terrific, and is certain to be sanguinary; but if the Porte elects to raise the standard of the Prophet, the shrill whistle of the locomotive on the banks of the Euphrates will be the ultimate answer of civilization to the bloody challenge. Whatever may be said of England's greed of conquest and misrule of her dependencies, the fact remains incontrovertible that whenever Anglicism and Orientalism meet in conflict, the world makes a step forward, and humanity gains a victory.

The Gospel of Rest.

ONE day not long ago, Dr. B. W. Richardson delivered a lecture in London before the Ladies' Sanitary Association, and as a medical man is bound to be, when he speaks to women, he was emphatic on the value of exercise. He divided the twenty-four hours by three, and declared that eight of them ought to be devoted to exercise. What he would do with the remaining sixteen is not reported, but it is likely he would give eight to sleep, although John Wesley decided that six was enough for any one, and Napoleon Bonaparte fixed his own limit at four.

This arrangement leaves but eight for the hygienic woman to give to her family, her friends and her personal occupations, but any one who has the courage to take as many hours for exercise, pure and simple, and the ingenuity to "avoid" in them "monotony of movement," would probably be able to make a very little time cover a multitude of claims.

The *Spectator* took this address for a text, and in turn declared Dr. Richardson all wrong, saying that what men and women need is not exercise, but open air. To disprove the doctor's assertion, women who lead sedentary lives are cited as long lives against men, and clergymen against day-laborers. Upon this an army of correspondents open on the line, and each gives his opinion backed by personal experience. As Lady Blanche in "Jane Eyre" complained, as soon as the governess is mentioned every one tells the story of her own.

One of these correspondents whose life was all a wise man's should be, yet had had periodical headache. His cure was the bicycle. Another quotes Dr. Jaeger of Stuttgart, and says hard flesh is the sign of health, and the way to have it is to dry out the moisture. This remedy was tried, although, perhaps, a little in excess, by the hero of About's novel, "The Man with the Broken Ear." Still another, who has been a gymnast, and spent day after day on horseback, says that nothing is so good as rest, and no knocking about. "A victim to exercise" announces that he who works with his brain must not also work with his muscles. Frances Power Cobbe tells her story with the authority of a woman who, until fifty, was able to work nine and ten hours a day at any time, and under pressure. She advises exercise and plenty of it, but not when worn out with mental labor.

To American women this same sermon is constantly preached, and, perhaps, in certain circles it is needed, but the average American needs rest far more than she does exercise.

The one idea of the woman who wants to lead a useful life, is to do as many things as possible, and do them all at once. From "Country Week" to the study of Sanscrit: from the row-boat to the embroidery frame, she has to do and learn everything, and her tireless spirit forever drives her tired body before it. She does not reflect that even a locomotive has to rest, and the repose of the hour her brother spends in complete quiet over his cigar is unknown to her.

The art of taking complete rest is almost unknown, and change of motion is the modern idea of repose. But to rest—to rest completely, not with a book, or a piece of fancy work, but in absolute, entire silence and yield of mind and muscle, is as unknown to our city woman as to the farmer's wife, and she loses youth and bloom, not from too sedentary a life, but from too much friction and perpetual motion.

THE STILL HOUR.

RENUNCIATION.

GOD will forgive the tongue that stammers when
It pleads for self alone:
Laced, only, darling, when it would present
Your needs before the throne.

For I have ever counted but as naught
My individual cross,
And every joy that only came to me
As dross and less than dross.

But when I note your fair ideal unsought,
The "fine gold dimmed,"
The ear grown unresponsive to the strains
In earlier manhood hymned—

Then I forget my own low plane, and that
I am not wise or good:
And that my weary feet are standing where
Long years ago they stood.

But you may rest only on Pisgah's height,
Bathed in the ether blue.
Oh, darling, I could even wish myself
"Accurst from Christ" for you!

S. J. B.

INFIDELITY never regenerates a nation, Christianity does.—
Joseph Cook.

THE clearing of the eye and the vision of God keep pace one
with another.—*J. H. Ecob.*

IT is vain to be always looking toward the future and never
acting toward it.—*J. F. Bayes.*

FOR your reading choose the master pieces of the master
minds; add to these the Bible, and you will strengthen your
mind for its best work.

WE cannot give to the heathen the knowledge of God too
soon. The best time to light for them the lamp of life is the
present.—*Pliny S. Boyd.*

THE very certain fact is that our schools of theology will never
make qualified preachers until they discover the existence of
children.—*Horace Bushnell.*

THE world is yet in the twilight, doubtless, but it is the twi-
light of the breaking dawn, not the falling night. Despair of
the world's future is disloyalty to God.—*G. B. Willcox.*

THE Bible is eloquent with passages which teach us that this
life is but the dim dawn of a day of gladness or anguish, whose
sun shall never set, and on whose sky evening shall never un-
fold its mantle.—*S. V. Leech.*

ALL the Luthers and Wesleys who have pioneered great refor-
mations, and all the missionaries of Christ who have invaded the
kingdoms of paganism, have had to endure night watching and
sleepless work before God opened to them the gates of the morn-
ing.—*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

IN all our large cities there is a mass of moving humanity,
men and women, who have left their homes at the very verge of
childhood, thrown out to struggle or drift through life, to whom
the earnest welcome given in a Christian church may be the first
kindly greeting they have had for years.

GREEDY, selfish, coarse, ambitious souls are seldom thankful.
The quality of being thankful indicates a fine nature. If you
bind on to the anchor a cable as big as a man's arm it answers a
good purpose in a storm, but if you want a musical response its
coarse fibre is a poor chord to play on.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE world has often said "kill the prophet, that we may rid
ourselves of the prophecies." Hew the tree down, for we like
not the taste of the fruit. Ah, you may cut down a stately tree
here and there, but the fruit seeds have been so widely scattered
that living orchards laden with fruit will grow in their place.—
J. L. Burrows.

J. L. RUSSELL.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Blossom's Authorities.

AT regular intervals of time, so regular as to seem almost the
result of concerted action, come appeals for the views of the
Household editor as to authorities in cooking. Why Mrs. A.,
in Maine, and Mrs. Z., in Montana, are simultaneously moved to
write, "Can you not give us the name of a cook-book that is
perfectly reliable and that an ignorant housekeeper would have
no trouble with?" can only be determined by an application of
the germ theory, which now explains everything as satisfactorily
as the Gulf Stream once did. There is a floating belief in the inade-
quacies of cook-books, which, at a time when cook-books are
becoming more and more clear and even scientifically correct,
should not be allowed to settle into a popular delusion, such
delusion, when it has once taken form, being as adamant to who-
ever runs a tilt against it.

Having at one period, a few years ago, read one hundred and
forty-three cook-books, there is, at least, a groundwork of belief
and conviction as to methods and manners, no other training
could have given. But the critic of cook-books is not the old
housekeeper, who rushes through one to see if there is anything
new in cake or pastry, or the utterly inexperienced one who has
no means of judging whether a dish is correctly given or not,
until she has tested it by personal experience.

Inexperience enough to give the sense of some slight remaining
degree of novelty, and knowledge enough to see at a glance
whether or not every essential item is included, are the two es-
sentials for the ideal critic, and hence Mrs. Blossom, whose
struggle with fish-balls may be recalled, seemed to be the one
best qualified to answer the question referred to. Accordingly
a letter was sent to this young person, requesting her views, and
the answer came promptly.

"A word about cook-books? Not one word but a million, if I
even begin to tell what I have suffered from them. But then I
need another million to tell the comfort of sundry others, and I
have reached that stage of intuition where ten minutes make me
know all that ever need be known to enable one to tell 'the truth,
the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

"In an evil hour I bought Miss Leslie, and the month in which I
diligently followed her rules, eight eggs to a quart of milk for
plain custard—sixteen for company—or half a pound of butter
to baste a chicken while roasting—that month, as it stands in my
housekeeping book, is shrouded in deepest black, for I drew
double lines on each side of the dreadful page where every item
doubled that of the month before. I passed from her to Mrs.
Webster and Mrs. Putnam; from them to Mrs. Cornelius, whom
I blessed and abode with for a long time, for did not she tell how
the washing should be done, and even every inch of detail in
ironing a shirt? I learned those directions by heart, and stood
over Norah till I saw she had found out how to do it, and it was
as exciting to me to see each step, and wonder how it would come
out, as it was to Norah, who regards my attainments with awe,
and has never suspected my studies on the back stairs on my way
down.

"But the rock on which I always split was that depressing and
harrowing formula, 'Season to taste.' How was one to know
what 'to taste' involved? And so, when Miss Corson's book
came, and I saw the delicious definiteness of a quarter of a salt-
spoonful of this, and an even tablespoonful of that, and an ounce
of the other, I locked up all the others and placed her alone in
the centre of the shelf. Is she there now? No, my friend. She
is taken down. Definiteness is good, but when I had made sev-
eral cooked nightmares from her directions, I concluded Ameri-
can cooking was better than any of her French or Italian combi-
nations, and returned to Mrs. Cornelius. But, in the meantime,
you see it had become a recognized fact that cook-books were
my passion, and, on a birthday, there came Mrs. Henderson and
Miss Parloa and Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. 'Common-Sense-in-the-
Household.' Fancy it! And when I had reveled in these, and
applauded myself for being a woman and thus sister to these in-
spired creatures, the list was completed by Miss Parloa's 'New
Cook-book and Marketing Guide,' and now I know more than
my butcher. There is no other word to be said about market-
ing, or, if it is said, it must inevitably be in the same form; per-
haps even the same words as hers, unless one is very careful to
make them different. They are all accurate; they are all sensi-
ble; they are all reasonable and reassuring. The little star above

some of Mrs. Common Sense's receipts is even inspiring, for I know *she* has done it. It is a beautiful row, and I believe every one of them, and I don't mind there being new ones one bit, because I'm so anchored and grounded on these that nothing can shake my allegiance. There is one more I haven't put in for obvious reasons, but it belongs there—and this is all."

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

Asparagus Soup.
Beef à la Mode.
Corn Fritters. Mashed Potatoes.
Baked Rice.
Lobster Salad.
Strawberry Meringue.
Coffee.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.

Three pounds of knuckle of veal, one slice of salt pork or ham, not over a quarter of a pound; three bunches of asparagus cut into short pieces, setting the heads aside; four quarts of cold water, one cup of milk, one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, one even one of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper and a sprig or two of parsley. Crack the bones and cut the meat in small pieces, putting them on in the cold water and skimming carefully as it begins to boil. Then add seasoning and asparagus, still leaving out heads, and boil slowly for four hours. Strain, skim off all grease and return to fire, adding the reserved asparagus and boiling for half an hour. Heat the milk and when it boils stir in the corn-starch dissolved in a little cold water, add to soup, boil one minute and serve.

BEEF A LA MODE.

Six or eight pounds of the round of beef, half a pound of fat salt pork, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two onions, half a carrot, half a turnip, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one heaping tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two cloves, six allspice, a bit of stick cinnamon, a bouquet of sweet herbs or a teaspoonful each of dried thyme and sweet marjoram, four tablespoonfuls of flour and two quarts of boiling water. Cut the pork in thick strips as long as the beef is thick, and draw them through it at regular intervals with a larding needle, or the holes can be made with a steel or a boning knife and the slips of pork pushed in. Chop the vegetables fine; melt the butter in a large saucepan and add them to it, letting them cook for five minutes; dredge the meat with the flour and brown thoroughly on both sides. Take it out, add one quart of the water and let it boil a minute, stirring steadily. Then put back the meat, add the other quart with all the remaining seasoning; cover closely and simmer gently for four or even five hours. Then take up. Draw the saucepan forward; skim off all the fat from the gravy and boil it rapidly for ten or fifteen minutes in order to reduce it. For a pint of gravy allow one tablespoonful of browned flour, though many prefer it unthickened. The juice of a lemon is an improvement. Put whatever is left between two plates and press with a heavy weight. It is even better cold than hot. Save every particle of gravy, as it can be used either in a final mince or in soup.

CORN FRITTERS.

These though made in this case from canned corn will be found almost as good as those from the fresh. Drain off the liquor from a can of corn and chop the grains very fine in a chopping-tray. Add to this paste one cup of milk, a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and one of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat very thoroughly and fry by the spoonful on a griddle, or they can be dropped into boiling lard and drained.

BAKED RICE.

One small cup of rice, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter to be used in buttering the pudding dish. Wash the rice in two waters and put into the dish, add the milk and salt and bake in a slow oven two hours. It must swell and be a firm mass. If it browns too fast cover till nearly done and serve very hot. Two large spoonfuls of grated cheese are sometimes added.

LOBSTER SALAD.

The meat of one large lobster cut into dice. Make a Mayonnaise dressing as per rule in No. 9 of OUR CONTINENT, and mix a part of it thoroughly with the lobster, which should be placed in the centre of a platter and masked with the remainder. Arrange delicate lettuce about it and garnish with the claws. Or

the lettuce can also be cut, and the whole mixed before serving, reserving the hearts for garnishing.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE.

Make either puff paste or rich pie-crust, roll a third of an inch thick, and cut into a round the size of a large pie plate. Bake to a light brown in a quick oven, and when done and while still hot, lay on it a pint or more of strawberries which have been rolled in sugar. Have ready the whites of three eggs beaten as stiff as possible, and with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar stirred in at the last. Spread over the strawberries, return to the oven and let it bake till just tinged with brown. Eat cold but fresh.

BOOK NOTES.

SUMMER TRAVEL. Long ago the children of the last generation read with delight a little book, in which the scenery was only less alive than the characters, both impressing themselves indelibly upon the mind. In "Feats on the Fjord," Harriet Martineau caught the spirit of the North as no one since then has ever done so perfectly. Whether she wrote of the solemn valleys, threaded by arms of the sea, ending in labyrinthine recesses, where even the summer sun barely penetrates for a few hours, or of the uplands with their wild freedom, and below them the mountain glacier and tarn, each with its special genius or spirit, she made a picture more vivid than any hand has since portrayed. Bjørnsten himself can hardly give the sweet wildness, the terror and the power of the North like this woman, who, strangely enough, knew it only through books. Laing, the then famous Norwegian traveler, read it delighted and called upon her immediately to talk over their travels on common ground. He was indignant and incredulous when assured that she had no personal knowledge of any point described, and in her autobiography Miss Martineau tells the story with the usual implied tribute to her own superiority to average humanity—a tribute willingly yielded by any one who has come under the spell so deftly woven.

Since then, each year has made this land of the midnight sun better known, hunters and fishermen first, and an army of adventurous travelers last, opening up its most secret recesses. Yet, for some reason unknown, perhaps because nature herself ordains shadow so deep that there are few days in which the full secret of any point may be learned, the charm never lessens. The traveler, with any power to see and any grace in telling what he has seen, is sure of an audience, and year by year the number of travelers increases. Hardship and discomfort of every sort do not lessen the flock, and the man who at home, whether in England or America, demands the utmost ease and luxury that civilization can furnish, submits calmly to discomforts than can hardly be experienced outside of Norway.

No better illustration of this fact can be found than in "Three in Norway, by Two of Them" (Porter & Coates, \$1.75), in which every disaster, no matter how unmerciful, yields its quota of fun. The summer is that of the sportsman purely; there is small mention of scenery, save incidentally, yet the northern atmosphere and charm are in every page of the book, and nothing breezier can be recommended for dog-day reading. The illustrations are numerous and characteristic, and there is a quaint manner of putting things that brings an irresistible smile with almost every page. But the follower in these steps must remember that, fascinating as Norway may be, comfort is still an almost unknown quantity, and that a summer there requires a degree of endurance and vitality seldom belonging to the tired people who seek summer rest.

ISLAND LIFE and its varying charm have seldom had a better expounder than Miss Baker in the pleasant little book, "A Summer in the Azores, with a Glimpse of Madeira." (Lee & Shepard, \$1.25.) Light but eminently picturesque, it gives the color and sparkle of a region comparatively unknown. The peasant life of the islands is that of the time of Homer. In all the Azores there is neither spade, shovel nor wheelbarrow. The grain is freed from the ear on a threshing-floor, like that of the ancient Jews, and ground in a Roman mill. The people are credulous, excessively superstitious, jealous and sensitive; but they are industrious, courteous and hospitable. Wages are the merest pittance, and the women perform a large proportion of the labor, not only in the field but in weaving baskets, braiding hats, knitting

and embroidering beautifully, and making exquisitely delicate laces from the spun fibre of the aloe; and Miss Baker gives a picturesque description of an old spinner who sat for their artist, earned two cents a day and spun by moonlight because unable to afford a lamp. Donkey riding is the chief excitement of the island, and when the donkey goes too fast the driver seizes the animal's tail and pulls him back with all his might, this method proving an effectual brake. The carts are one solid piece of wood, with a wicker body, on the plan of the Roman plaustrum, and owning a degree of squeak and creak which no peasant willingly suppresses. A law was at one time passed that all axes should be soaped before entering the city, but the mob protested, a revolution nearly resulted, and the legislators made no further effort to secure its action. Miss Baker possesses much of Mrs. Pitman's brightness and grace, and her chatty record gives a truer idea of the Azores than far more elaborate ones have ever done.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

HENRY HOLT & Co. are about to bring out a new American novel, "Kinley Hollow," by G. H. Hollister, who is already somewhat known as a writer.

LEE & SHEPARD announce Dr. Austin's "Life of Longfellow," in the preparation of which the poet's intimate friend, John Owen, gave great assistance.

THE house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, described in "Henry Esmond," was the home of Dante Gabriel Rossetti for many years before his death. It is one of the oldest in the Walk.

THE firm of Smith & Elder claim exclusive copyright over all the work, manuscript or printed, left by Thackeray, and thus the publication of the suppressed preface to the Irish Sketch-book is indefinitely postponed.

PHILADELPHIA proves more tolerant than Boston. J. R. Osgood & Co. having refused to act longer as publishers of Walt Whitman's poems, the plates have been bought by Rees, Welsh & Co. of the former city, who will issue also an edition of the poet's prose works.

THE popularity of Michelet in France remains undiminished. A Paris printer has lately signed a contract for an edition of 10,000 copies of his "Histoire de France," and his "Histoire de la Revolution Française," with illustrations, at the extraordinary price of \$40.00 per volume.

THE "Magazine of American History," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., seems to have lost no interest under the management of its new editors, Mr. B. F. De Costa and Mr. Henry P. Johnston. The "average reader," who the average author must always have in mind, might not be specially interested, but the historical student can hardly dispense with it.

THOSE who may have tried and failed in London, or any other English city, to obtain copies of Mr. Ruskin's books, may not know that they are not kept, simply because the author long ago boycotted all booksellers and met with the same fate in turn. The Ruskin Society of Manchester has broken the ban for that town, and a local bookseller will hereafter include the prohibited volumes.

CIRCULATING libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started in St. Petersburg. A society has been organized for the purpose of supplying the tram cars of that city with supplies of daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies. Passengers who choose to avail themselves of these literary stores are to drop into a box a copeck for each paper they read. No watch is to be kept over the box, the payment being left to the honor of the readers, and the society has no expectation of being often defrauded.

MACMILLAN & Co. are to reprint immediately a little book by Dr. Dawson Turner, entitled "Rules of Simple Hygiene, and Hints and Remedies of the Treatment of Common Accidents and Diseases." Twelve eminent medical men connected with London hospitals have revised and corrected the book, which has already gone through eight editions in London.

A "Little Church around the Corner" is evidently needed in England, and for the want of one the funeral of the poet James Thompson was forlornly sad. The English clergy considered his "City of Dreadful Night," as well as his other writings so athe-

istical that he was refused a place in consecrated ground. No burial service could be used, and the only words at his grave were a few from a friend whose voice choked with feeling was almost inaudible.

AGE has perhaps made Mr. Browning less sensitive to the charge of obscurity, but till within a few years he resented it and in 1868 wrote to a friend: "I can have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

MIGMA.

THE municipality of Rome is to receive two relics of Garibaldi—the sword he carried in the Tyrolean war and the flag he fought under in South America, both of which he had given in 1866 to Colonel Chambers, an English officer, who now offers them to Rome.

THE spy system has never been so openly or shamelessly carried on in Russia as by General Ignatieff, who has recently resigned the Ministry of the Interior, and who said to a visitor one day: "Why have you not called on me before? Your relatives have long been urging you to do so in every letter they have written you."

THE fine portrait of Longfellow painted by the artist Healy, and for many years the chief ornament of his studio in Paris, has lately been purchased by R. H. Dana. It was painted in Rome during the poet's visit there, and in it appears Mrs. Dana, then a child with golden hair, whose bright eyes peep over her father's shoulder.

THE State Normal school at Albany has just lost a president, who at the age of seventy-five, after nearly fifty years of work as an educator, has decided that he has the right to a little spare time. This is the Rev. Dr. Joseph Allen, who was a professor of rhetoric and political economy at Williams College for seventeen years; of mental and moral philosophy at Lafayette for five; then president of Jefferson College, Pa., for six years, and last, fifteen years at Albany.

A CURIOUS and interesting discovery has been made by some workmen employed in digging a canal to connect Lakes Eustis and Dora, in Florida. Four feet below the surface of the water, on the northwestern shore of Lake Dora, they found the remains of what appears to have been a stone house or fort. There are small and peculiarly-shaped blocks of sandstone, pieces of pottery and various utensils of mottled flint, and the whole thing now awaits the opinion of an expert in such matters.

A FINE American chess-player has been discovered in James Mason, who took the third prize at the Vienna chess tournament. Fifteen years ago he was a newsboy, selling newspapers at Fulton Ferry, whose teacher of the game was the proprietor of a resort for chess-players. He speedily learned enough to defeat his instructor, and within two years from the time he began could beat all but the best players, ranking before twenty years of age as one of the finest in the city.

THE new house built by Mr. Blaine in Washington, and to be occupied next fall, is one of the most imposing private residences in a city more and more noted for beautiful and satisfactory architecture. On the first floor two halls, one fifteen the other twenty feet wide, run through it at right angles with each other, and five rooms about twenty by twenty-five, which by sliding doors can be thrown into a single suit. Seventy large plate-glass windows afford light, and the interior wood-work is of walnut, poplar, oak and mahogany.

TWO puzzling, and to the art student, very irritating portraits of Albert Durer, painted by himself, have just been sold at Hamilton Palace, being so entirely unlike that it is impossible to decide which is the truer representation. One is purely Teutonic, mild, placid, blonde-bearded and haired, with a slightly aquiline nose. The other gives him coal-black beard, wild and rolling eyes and the general aspect of a brigand, the latter, however, being probably a portrait of what he may often have wished to be when his uneasy home-life pressed too heavily upon him.

THE latest Indian romance had its beginning at Carlisle. A Kiowa brave with an unpronounceable name was sent out to the Territories in search of more scholars for the school, and on his return it was noticed that he treated one of the Indian girls brought with him with special consideration. When questioned as to his conduct he replied: "Long time ago, in Indian Territory, I hunt and I fight; I not think about girls. Then you take me to St. Augustine, I learn much, but I not think about girls. I go to Carlisle; I learn more; I do right; I not think about girls. I go to my home; I do not think about girls there. But Laura, she thinks. I bring her to Carlisle. When I can work I will take care of her." A week or so ago, having finished his studies and learned how to make a living, he was married to "Laura" at Carlisle, twelve attendants being chosen from the different tribes represented in the school. The ceremony was solemn, in order to impress the Indians with its sacredness, and when over, a wedding feast followed and the bride cut the wedding cake after the usual custom.

LI HUNG CHANG, one of the most progressive among Chinese, meets with many difficulties, his chief one at present being the result of an old superstition. Some time since, coal mines were opened in the province of Chihli, their working being an entirely native enterprise. Foreign machinery was imported; a canal between the mines and Tien-teen was nearly finished, and it was expected that two hundred and fifty tons of excellent coal would pass through it daily. Five thousand tons waited at the pit's mouth, and, with abundant transport, it was believed a thousand tons a day could be furnished for many years, while fifty other collieries were ready for opening near Kaiping. Suddenly a peremptory telegram from the government stopped the working and shocked every one interested in progress in China. The reason is hardly of a nineteenth-century character. A censor in a memorial to the throne complained that the long galleries of the mines, and the noise and smoke of foreign machinery disturbed the earth dragon. He, in turn, roused in wrath and disturbed the spirit of the Empress, dead some months ago, and buried a hundred miles away. She, in turn, retaliated upon the inhabitants of the palace at Peking with a shower of measles, which affliction was at once traced back to its origin in the mines of Kaiping. The interdiction was at once removed and it is not likely that superstition of any sort will again interfere with them.

"We were on the train between Chester and Birmingham," writes a correspondent, "and occasion obliged my companion to exchange with our vis-a-vis in the railway carriage some civility of the road. The ice thus broken, our fellow traveler soon showed that he did not mean to let slip such an opportunity for farther communication, at least of securing a listener or two, for he proved himself a talker the like of which I have seldom met. Before very long he had allowed us to know that he was a commercial traveler for some kitchen-furnishing establishment, and shortly thereafter, without any direct question, made it evident that he considered it the civil thing for us to reciprocate with some personal information. When he learned that we had come from across the sea, he took pains to say several flattering things about America, capping all by exclaiming effusively: "And you have Longfellow!" We glowed with a natural pride at the mention of this dear and familiar name, and my companion gave utterance to some expressions of fond esteem for the sweet singer and venerable man. Our commercial friend hardly waited the conclusion of the sentence. "Ah, and do you know," said he, eagerly, as one at once glad and impatient to impart unexpectedly good news, "do you know we accept him in England?" and he nodded his head confidently, as if to reassure our trembling hope that such an honor could be possible! The air of condescension about which Mr. Lowell once wrote was forcibly borne in upon my mind."

CURRENT EVENTS SINCE OUR LAST.

Domestic.—The American Institute of Instruction and the National Educational Association held meetings at Saratoga. The Summer School of Christian Philosophy met at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., and the American Philological Association at Cambridge, Mass. The market value of timber lands in the Lake region is said to have doubled since the publication

of the Census Bulletin, in which it was shown that in a dozen years the white-pine supply would be exhausted.—The Summer School of Philosophy at Concord celebrated an "Emerson Day" on July 22, with literary contributions from Dr. Bartol, Mr. Alcott and others.

Foreign.—The City of Alexandria was bombarded by the English fleet, deserted by Arabi Bey, his followers and the inhabitants, and pillaged and burned by the prisoners released from the jails. The Egyptian loss of life was large, the English very small. The Europeans that remained during the bombardment were attacked by the Bedouins, and many of them massacred. The *New York Herald* correspondent, telegraphing to his paper from the deck of the *Invincible*, one of the ships engaged in the bombardment, presented a striking illustration of the conditions under which newspapers are served in these days of progress.

Political.—The River and Harbor Bill passed the Senate. A provision to reclaim the Potomac flats from their present unhealthy condition and beautify the river front was supported by Southern Democrats on the ground of a common interest in the national capital.—Measures looking to the reduction of internal revenue taxation were considered in the House.

Religious.—The corner-stone of the new Y. M. C. A. building in Boston, Mass., was laid on June 27.—The Young Women's Christian Association of New Haven, Conn., has purchased a home for young working women; cost, \$30,000.—Frederic Marquand has placed a fine mural tablet in the Yale Divinity School to the memory of Leonard Bacon.—The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has spent \$591,000 in the past year, has a balance of \$600 in its treasury, and twenty-four new applicants await appointments to foreign fields.—Eleven schools have been organized in South Africa, under the care of American ladies.

Scientific.—The bright line of sodium seen by various observers in the spectrum of the comet Wells has been traced by Dr. Hasselberg, of Pulkova, to some distance in the tail of the comet.—German savans having doubted the discoveries of M. Pasteur, they have been submitted to a special commission in Berlin, M. Pasteur having sent on one of his own assistants to vaccinate sheep. The report of the commission finds that the process is as efficient in Germany as in France.—A prize of £2000 has been offered by the French Government to any inventor of the most useful application of the Volta pile. Five years are allowed, from July 1, 1882, to July 1, 1887, and foreigners are allowed to take part in the competition, which is by no means the first one, Napoleon I having originally instituted it, and several having since then taken place.—Idoform, though greatly praised, has failed to do the work claimed for it in cases of deafness, this fact being stated in a recent report by Dr. Bürkner to the Göttingen Royal Society of Sciences. One of the most effectual remedies, especially where inflammation exists, has been found to be Leiter's heat regulator, which consists of flexible lead tubes, through which water of any desired temperature can be conveyed and applied.—A very remarkable enterprise is under way, the object being the destruction, for useful purposes however, of the largest and northernmost European glacier, the celebrated Fou, or Svartisen glacier, on the Senjen Island, in Norway. Various speculative merchants in Bergen have obtained the right of cutting block-ice for export from its surface. The glacier is about 190 square miles, and being but two miles from the sea, the ice can be very cheaply obtained. Its quality has already been tested and been found to be good.—The *Revue Scientifique* has long been one of the most influential and successful scientific periodicals in France, and is now to be enlarged and improved by a company by whom it has just been purchased.—France and Germany have both experimented in the laying of subterranean telegraphic lines, the working of which has proved so unsatisfactory that there is doubt if the process will be continued in France. Those who are urging the introduction of the same method into this country will do well to investigate the matter before action is finally taken.—Some excavations in progress on the estate of Lord Normanton, near Crowland, Peterborough, have resulted in the exposure of some three acres of subterranean forest, over ten feet below the surface. The trees are so well preserved that the different varieties are easily distinguished, and the surrounding clay is filled with the remains of lower animal life.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Modern Faust.

THEY sat 'neath a tree together,
In the sunlit gardens of Kew,
Mid the charm of the May-time weather,
And the English sky so blue.

From the daisies growing around them,
With their faces turned to the sun,
He gathered the largest and fairest,
Then pulled the leaves from one.

"What have you named your daisy?"
She asked with coquettish voice;
"Answer, sir; don't be lazy.
Who is the girl of your choice?"

His black eyes flashed upon her,
"Why, what a question from you!
Un peu; pas du tout; beaucoup;
Ah! the daisy says *beaucoup*."

"What do you think I have named it?"
He said in tenderest tone;
"Can't you guess the one of all others
I should care to call my own?"

Her eyes looked deep and dreamy,
And her cheeks grew softly red;
"I think you had better tell me,"
She whispered with drooping head.

"Well! If you will know," he answered,
Scattering the petals white,
"It's that black-eyed girl from Boston
I waltzed with twice last night!"

VIRNA.

For Love.

(Rondeau.)

FOR love, the valiant knight of old,
In armor bright and spirit bold,
At joust and tourney fierce would ride,
With plume and lance when heralds cried;
Though sometimes in the dust he rolled.
And furthermore 'tis even told,
The fair one still remaining cold,
Perchance the hapless wooer died
For love!

Alas! now other customs hold!
When hearts and hands are won by gold,
And true and brave must stand aside,
While Cupid lad goes hungry-eyed,
What Knight would sleep beneath the mould
For love!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.



COOL TREATMENT.



CRUSHED AGAIN.

Rural Dame (to Bicyclist, wrecked and in retreat). "I say, you! Here's them scissors you ground need grindin' agin."

Pronoun for Article.—An incident occurred recently which illustrates the absurdity of the very common habit of using the personal pronoun where the article should be used.

At a teacher's institute a young pedagogue was at the blackboard demonstrating a mathematical problem, and at a certain stage of the process a reduction from feet to inches was necessary.

Turning to his audience with a flourish of the crayon, he says: "I will now reduce *my* feet!"

All eyes were immediately fixed upon those members, and the laughter that convulsed the audience somewhat disturbed the proposed reduction!

An old Scotch lady, who has no relish for church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her church one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, this is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David, when the lad sang for him."

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

The numerous suits for breach of promise recently instituted against old men by young women is having its effect. "Miss," said an old man in a crowded street car yesterday, "Miss, I'll get up and give you my seat if you'll swear before all these witnesses that you don't consider it an offer of marriage."—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Accommodating to the Last.—Old Lady (to druggist).—Are you quite certain this is carbonate of soda—not arsenic?

Druggist.—Quite, ma'am; try it and judge for yourself.—*The Judge*.

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"The only place," says the *Syracuse Herald*, "where a Jew is a Gentile is Utah."

The Height of Politeness: To give up the end seat in an open car.